

# The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL '97

No. 247.—Vol. XIX.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1897.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MISS ESMÉ AND MISS VERA BERINGER AS THE TROUBADOUR AND THE LADY  
IN "MY LADY'S ORCHARD."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.



## "THE FORTUNE-HUNTER."

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, undismayed by the non-success of "Brantingham Hall," and by the somewhat bitter attack which M. Filon, in his otherwise sympathetic book on the English stage, made upon the Bab Balladist's appreciation of humanity, has essayed to write another serious play, "The Fortune-Hunter," which was produced at Birmingham by Miss Fortescue



DIANA CAVEREL (MISS FORTESCUE).

Photo by Whitlock, Birmingham.

at the end of September, and has come this week to the pretty little theatre at Crouch End. Mr. Gilbert tells us at any rate the apparent, if not the actual, motive of the play when he makes his one altogether delightful character—the Duchess of Dundee—soliloquise as follows: "Well, some good will come of this, for, by—, by the President of the United States, I'll get such a sickener of Frenchmen out of this as'll set my perception right end up for the rest of my natural life, thanks be!" At an early point in the writing of the play, Mr. Gilbert seems to have become possessed of an even greater disgust at his principal character than was necessary. The Comte de Breville is, indeed, little more than a coward of the meanest type at best. He makes use of an article in the French Civil Code to annul his marriage with Diana Caverel—a young Australian heiress—when he finds that she has lost her money. That would be enough in itself to deprive a man of all possible sympathy; but Mr. Gilbert is not content with this. At the point where repentance might come to save our interest in the Comte de Breville—and in the play—the Comte shows not even the one single spark of manliness that could lessen disgust. At the end, undoubtedly, he finds his circumstances so hopeless that a practical suicide upon his rival's sword is the only resource left to him, for his parents have disowned him, he is overwhelmed with debts, the wife he has wronged renounces him, and, above all, a child has been born whose life will be ruined by the case of annulment, which it is too late to stop. While it is hard to feel interested in a character which, like the Comte, never rises above contempt, the rival, Sir Cuthbert Jameson, a sturdy middle-aged English baronet, a former suitor of Diana's, who throughout her troubles acts as her guide, philosopher, and friend, is inevitably a bit of a bore. Diana is, in Miss Fortescue's hands, a fresh and foolish English girl, nothing more.

So we are left with the comic relief, and of that the Duchess of Dundee—a part in which Miss Cicely Richards acts to perfection—is the head and front. A young American girl, with humour as vivid as her heart is tender, she has married a doll-Duke tottering with age, and makes all the merriment—and there is plenty—of the first act on the deck of a P. and O. The Dudley Coxes are a couple of steamboat snobs who are, perhaps, in their place around "the Duke's chair" in the first act, but whose absurd introduction into the last act is an indiscretion that has done not a little to cause "The Fortune-Hunter" to be named as Mr. Gilbert's last play.

## THE CARL ROSA COMPANY.

Though it is true that, so far, during the first fortnight of the season of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, no particularly bright successes are to be recorded, yet, at the same time, a good deal of sound work has been done and a good deal of meritorious singing and acting have been given to the public. It was unfortunate, perhaps, that the decision was made to open the season with a difficult opera hitherto unknown to London, "La Bohème," by Puccini, which requires a lightness, a quickness, and a delicacy of touch which are just the qualities that are most rarely to be found in the Carl Rosa Company. Perhaps the best performance so far has been that of "Lohengrin," with Miss Elandi as Elsa, Miss Olitzka as Ortrud, and Mr. Philip Brozel as the hero. It would be unfair, of course, to compare such a rendering to that last wonderful interpretation the other day of the Grand Season, with Jean de Reszké's glorious Lohengrin and Madame Eames's deeply significant Elsa; but the smaller and less ambitious presentation of the other night was, if it did not attain any amazing artistic heights, conspicuously free from faults. Then, of course, we have had such old favourites as "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," with Mr. Brozel's really excellent Canio; and we have had also a less interesting version of "The Meistersingers," in which, owing to the indisposition of Mr. Whitney Mockridge, who, as Walter, was during the first two acts disastrously inadequate, the substitution, by a somewhat extraordinary policy, of another tenor was resorted to for the last act, when Mr. Barron Berthald acquitted himself very creditably under very trying circumstances. Among other operas, "Carmen" has, of course, been given, and with Miss Olitzka as the heroine. It used to be the custom to say that after Calvé no Carmen was very acceptable on the stage, and, as it seems apparent that Miss Olitzka has modelled her interpretation on that of Calvé, she does not, in spite of her obvious cleverness, make one forget the somewhat inevitable comparison. "Faust" and "Romeo" have also been given, and it may be observed in passing that it would be well if this last opera could be a trifle more befittingly costumed; the actual labour in connection with both Gounod's operas is more or less child's-play to singers so familiar with them.

As to those singers, Miss Esty continues to maintain her excellent reputation; she has a charming voice, and acts carefully. Miss Elandi, Madame Duma, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Madame Amadi,



THE DUCHESS OF DUNDEE (MISS CICELY RICHARDS).

Photo by Whitlock, Birmingham.

and others are doing capital work, and Mr. Brozel, Mr. Ludwig, Mr. Homer Lind, Mr. Lemprière Pringle, and Mr. Frank Wood are always to be mentioned with cheerfully assigned praise. It is in respect of the chorus and the orchestra that, so far, the critic has had reason to be least satisfied.



MR. GILBERT'S NEW PLAY, "THE FORTUNE-HUNTER."

*Photographs by H. J. Whitlock, Birmingham.*



MR. AND MRS. DUDLEY COX (MR. C. COUTTS AND MISS NORA O'NEILL).



THE DUKE OF DUNDEE (MR. O. B. CLARENCE).



MR. MCQUARRIE (MR. VIVIAN STENHOUSE).



CAPTAIN MUNRO (MR. CHARLES HOWE).



## LADIES AT BILLIARDS.

The first recorded mention of a billiard match between members of either sex is made by Shakspeare in "Antony and Cleopatra," which, strangely enough, took place between two ladies nearly two thousand years ago. By way of recreation for her troubled mind, the magnificent Cleopatra made use of the historical phrase, "Let's to billiards. Come, Charmian." Of course, this is all an anachronism, as billiards had not been in existence much more than a century before Shakspeare's time. Whether fact or fiction, he had something in his mind's eye when he ascribed the first challenge to billiards as emanating from a lady to a lady. The annals of the game do not mention any other ladies as having played, and it was left to Oct. 11, 1897, before the world was given the opportunity of seeing two ladies exhibiting their prowess. It was only appropriate that when Miss Grace Fairweather and Miss Ella Collins played the first authentically recorded billiard match between members of their



MISS GRACE FAIRWEATHER.

Photo by Brewis, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

sex, the Egyptian Hall should have been the venue. Miss Fairweather's adoption of billiards as a profession was due to an accident.

"You must know," she said, "that my father is a hotel-keeper at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and has some billiard-rooms on the premises known as the Northumberland Rooms. As a child I always had a fancy to run into the rooms and watch the gentlemen play. The game soon had a fascination for me, and whenever I had the opportunity I used to try my own skill with the cue, and soon began to exhibit a little form. Mind you, I did not take to it seriously, with the idea of adopting the game as a profession, till about two years ago, when Mr. John Roberts, the Champion, was in my native town playing an exhibition match with Mr. Dawson. A friend of mine mentioned my little aptitude for the game to Mr. Roberts, who paid my father a visit and asked me to show him a stroke or two. I readily complied, and he was so pleased that he asked me if I would like to go up to London and come out under his tuition. I was, of course, delighted, and told Mr. Roberts so, if he thought I would do any good. He impressed upon me the necessity of constant practice, which, I can assure you, I have had. I have practised three to four hours a-day for two years, principally under Mr. Charles Roberts, the brother to the Champion, who has been an excellent and painstaking tutor."

She was terribly nervous when she began playing on Monday week (her first appearance in public), which was not improved by the adverse and unfair criticism of the "Ha'penny Press," although most papers have been considerate. She plays with a 15½-ounce cue, and has made a seventy-six all-round break in practice. Miss Fairweather is twenty-two years of age, takes plenty of walking exercise, is 5 ft. 4 in. in height, and her ambition is to play a professional (male sex) in public.

Miss Ella Collins was born at Newport, Wales, and, like her opponent, is twenty-two years of age, but looks nineteen. She has learnt her billiards under the tuition of her father, Mr. George Collins, the well-known and popular professional. She has had two years' constant practice, but has been unable to do herself justice in the match, as she cannot get over her "stage fright." So far, she has performed a great deal below her form, but both she and her father hope that, with a little more experience of the trying ordeal of playing before an audience at the Egyptian Hall, she will play up to the good form she exhibits at home. Then, again, she has always practised with bonzoline balls, and full-sized ivory balls have so far been used in the match. Ordinary players will know what this difference means. Miss Collins takes a great deal of walking exercise, uses a 15½-ounce cue, and is only 5 ft. 2 in. in height, which is a disadvantage to her, as it necessitates a constant use of the rest.

With regard to the form exhibited so far, Miss Fairweather has shown herself much the superior. In the first match of 1500 up, which commenced on Monday week, the two ladies played level; but Miss Fairweather won so easily that she conceded 350 in 1500 on Wednesday, when I saw her make five excellent breaks of over thirty, playing with admirable judgment and strength. On Friday she conceded 500 in 1500, and again proved easily victorious.

A. H. V.



MISS ELLA COLLINS.

## TRAFALGAR.

As witnessed by Mr. Midshipman Kennicott, on board H.M.S. Royal Sovereign, Oct. 21, 1805.

There was laughter in the gangways, there was mirth between the decks,  
As the dull October dawn was waxing grey.  
By the smoky lanterns gleaming, where the peas and pork were steaming,  
There was hum of seamen's talk that sounded gay.  
For the flush of daylight glancing o'er the rim of waters dancing  
Had shown forty sail advancing—and we cheered;  
For thirty months we'd sought them, we had chased but never caught them,  
When we neared and would have fought them—they had veered.

And our tars were angered sore, for these twenty months and more  
Not a man had touched a shore, but we'd swept the ocean o'er  
In their wake.

Now, four leagues off or under, they were lined to meet our thunder,  
And we skipped on deck to wonder, would they wait?  
Or would they tack once more, and in Cadiz shun the roar  
Of our double line that bore grimmest fate?

But we saw they meant like men, and we stripped for action then—  
How we longed for half a breeze to rise and blow!  
On the hilts our hands were itching, on the match our fingers twitching,  
While stem and stern went pitching, dull and slow.  
And the devil take the motion of the swell of glassy ocean,  
When there's ne'er a waft for men who see the foe!

But the long hours brought us near, till their hulls rose high and clear,  
Then we craned our necks to hear, from our weather line, a cheer  
Caught up and passed to rear, from the van,  
For on Nelson's ship there flew words that thrilled us through and through,  
Of the duty we should do, every man.  
Lord! we sent back cheers as bold, fit to waken corpses cold;  
Then in silence on we rolled, till we heard the eight bells tolled,  
Long and hoarse,  
And, with not a mile between us, we could see the *Santa Anna*,  
And the *Fougeux*, closing inwards to the *Pluton* and *Bahama*,  
While our path in front was barred with seventy-fours.

Then a shot, with boom thereafter, o'er the heaving silence fled,  
And it raised the water, spouting on our track, but well ahead.  
All at once each mast of ours sent its bunting up aloft,  
Like a garden gay with flowers when the summer sun is soft,  
And, as ship to ship repeated, what an eager shout we uttered  
To rejoice our one-armed hero, floating on, two miles away!  
And our boatswain passed the word how old Collingwood had muttered,  
"What would Nelson give to smell it, this first powder-smoke to-day!"

Then the second shot ploughed near us, and a third just dropped to clear us,  
But the fourth was winged to cheer us for the fray,  
For it shrieked and hurtled o'er us, and at once their fiery chorus  
With an iron torrent tore us, as we lay;  
And a thousand guns kept pouring, while the sea and sky were roaring,  
And among our shrouds a screaming, and beneath our feet a crashing,  
And, around, the thud of iron upon bone and muscle smashing.

And the *Santa Anna* found us on her starboard bow, and round us  
Came the seventy-fours to pound us—bedded fast.  
But the *Mars* and the *Belleisle* with a broadside made them reel,  
And the *Tonnant* and *Achille* smote them, taffrail down to keel, as they passed.  
Then, locked for grip and blow, two long hours we battled so,  
While the writhing smoke hung low, far and wide.  
And from out its bosom hoar, where the ships were seen no more,  
Came a crashing and a roar on every side.  
Great spars went floating past, with the weltering bodies cast  
By the sweeping iron blast in the tide.  
Then we boarded, steel to steel, and we played them heel to heel,  
And, amid the whirling clouds, we took aim amid the shrouds,  
Where the Tyrolese had plied their deadly skill.  
And we saw them tumble past, or, to yard and shroud made fast,  
Hang with faces downward cast, stark and still.

I had raised a musket up to pick another rascal out,  
When from all our crew I heard the sudden frenzy of a shout;  
I fired and watched him drop; then, with glance to leeward cast,  
I saw the flag come sliding from the *Santa Anna's* mast;  
Then the *Fougeux* and *Neptuno*, and the *Aigle* and *Swiftsure*,  
Each after each surrendered, while we seized and made secure.  
But we saw the *Algeciras*, with her gaping sides, drift near us;  
And we called her crew to yield her, but they smote us fore and aft,  
And her hero-chief, Magon, with his limbs beneath him shattered,  
Sat and ruled, in ardour strong, all his quarter-deck bespattered,  
When an iron hail of ours, in a gust of death swept o'er him,  
And his men, a formless mass, out of sight and pity bore him.  
And on that encrimsoned day, though there fell a hero throng,  
There ceased no grander throb than thy noble heart's, Magon!

It was then my breast was struck, and they carried me below;  
But I noted from the orlop deck the battle fainter grow.  
For the broadsides changed to shots, shots to the dropping gun,  
And the cheering told me clearly they were yielding, one by one.  
When a silence fell upon our crew—a great silence dull as lead,  
And an omen seemed to brood upon the lull of battle dread,  
For a boat had come aboard, and our Nelson—he was dead!

At set of sun I crawled on deck, to view the scene of blood and wreck.  
Eastward the Cape lay like a speck, to west the clouds were piled.  
All mastless did our vessels heave, and, boding wrath, a briny eve  
In gloomy silence seemed to grieve, for strife and passions wild.

With eighteen captives led in tow, straining upon their lawwers slow,  
Our hulls a-list, and dripping low, we headed for the Strait,  
Till a wild midnight rose to blow the crippled to their fate.  
Across the rolling black, a roar of breakers on the Spanish shore  
Let the faint crash come floating o'er, at times when some maimed seventy-four  
Shivered in sheets of spume.  
When peace returned at dawn of day, with broken hulls, and vanished prey,  
And spent with hours of strife, we lay, while aching thought held dismal sway  
Of Nelson and of gloom.

Yet were our years of chasing run; a tyrant's crafty webs undone,  
And fired the last loud saviour gun that freed the ocean's fate.  
Wou was old England's honest reign, that brings the sheltered nations' gain,  
Our hearts prayed deep she might remain immeasurably great.

ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND.





PLAYMATES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, NEW YORK.



## LORD HENRY SOMERSET'S SUCCESSFUL SONGS

HUSH ME, O SORROW.

ECHO.

OF THOSE AT SEA.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

THE FIRST SPRING DAY.

A SONG OF NIGHT.

O, MY DEAR ONE!

2s. net each.

CHAPPELL and CO., Limited, 50, New Bond Street, W.

## MR. WM. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS.

AN ALPHABET. By WILLIAM NICHOLSON. In Three Editions.

(1.) Ordinary edition, lithographed on cartridge paper, 12½ inches by 10 inches, picture boards, price 6s. (2.) On Van Gelder's hand-made paper, mounted on brown paper, cloth, 12s. 6d. net. (3.) A few copies printed direct from the wood blocks and hand coloured by the artist, each design mounted on board in vellum portfolio, £21 net.

## SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

ST. IVES. By R. L. STEVENSON, Author of "The Ebb-Tide."

"Neither Stevenson himself nor anyone else has given us a better example of a dashing story, full of life and colour and interest."—TIMES.

THE CHRISTIAN. By HALL CAINE, Author of "The Manxman."

Of this novel over 100,000 copies have now been sold.

IN THE PERMANENT WAY, and Other Stories. By FLORA ANNIE STEEL, Author of "On the Face of the Waters."

MARIETTA'S MARRIAGE. By W. E. NORRIS, Author of "The Dancer in Yellow."

"Keen observation, delicate discrimination, a pleasant quiet humour, and a rare power of drawing characters that are both absolutely natural and interesting to study."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.

THE GADFLY. By E. L. VOYNICH.

"Exciting, sinister, even terrifying, we must avow it to be a work of real genius."—ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW. By HENRY JAMES.

"A work of art so complex, so many-coloured, so variously beautiful! It is life sung in melodious prose; and that, it seems to us, is the highest romance."—DAILY CHRONICLE.

THE GODS ARRIVE. By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH, Author of "Joanna Traill, Spinster."

THE FREEDOM OF HENRY MEREDYTH. By M. HAMILTON, Author of "McLeod of the Camerons."

London: WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

## J. W. ARROWSMITH'S NEW LIST.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A BASHI-BAZOUK. By EDWARD VIZETELLY. Illustrated with 55 Drawings by Georges Montbard, and some Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth, 482 pages. 6s.

THE SETTLING OF BERTIE MERIAN. By NARANJA AMARGA. Crown 8vo, cloth, 407 pages. 6s.

"Is unquestionably brilliant."—BLACK AND WHITE.

"It is a book which will be read."—WEEKLY DISPATCH.

A BRIDE'S MADNESS. By ALLEN UPWARD, Author of "Secrets of the Courts of Europe." Crown 8vo, cloth, 298 pages. Vol. XXVIII. of Arrowsmith's 3s. 6d. Series. Second Edition.

"From the first page to the last there is not a dull paragraph."—BLACK AND WHITE.

"A capital detective novel."—WORLD.

THE SACK OF MONTE CARLO: An Adventure of To-day. By WALTER FRITH, Author of "In Search of Quiet." Crown 8vo, cloth, 298 pages. Vol. XXIX. of Arrowsmith's 3s. 6d. Series. [Ready Oct. 28.]

THE MILLIONAIRE OF PARKERSVILLE. By MARSHALL G. WOOD. Being Vol. LXXV. of Arrowsmith's Bristol Library. Fcap. 8vo, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.

PEPITA OF THE PAGODA. By TIGHE HOPKINS. Being Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual. 1s. [Ready Oct. 25.]

Bristol: J. W. ARROWSMITH. London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL and CO.

## A BOOK OF THE SEASON.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE DAY.

By MULVY OUSELEY.

Mr. Ouseley's first novel has been well received.

"Mr. Mulvy Ouseley's name is a new one. He may be encouraged if one may judge his future work by the promising qualities of 'The Spirit of the Day.' The plot is ingenious, the situations are unusual, and the whole story is well worth reading. A sensational and dramatically constructed story."—DAILY MAIL, July 13, 1897.

"The author is a journalist, and this his first attempt at a novel contains plenty of interesting reading. Lovers of novels will find it interesting and exciting. We have no hesitation in commending the book."—WEEKLY SUN, June 20, 1897.

At all Libraries and Bookstalls, 3s. 6d., gilt lettered, 320 pp., cloth.

BEETON and CO., Limited, 10 and 11, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.

## HAYMARKET THEATRE.

TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 9.  
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.  
Preceded at 8.20 by a New Farce called  
THE TARANTULA.

MATINEE SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. Leverton) 10 to 10.

## AVENUE THEATRE.

Licensee, Mr. Charles Hawtrey.

Under the Management of Mr. FitzRoy Gardner.

EVERY EVENING at 8.30, THE LADY BURGLAR, by Messrs. Malton and James.  
MORE THAN EVER, by the late Arthur Mathison. THE MERMAIDS, a Submarine Musical Fantasy. Box-Office (Mr. Candler) open from 10 to 10.

## EMPIRE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING, UNDER ONE FLAG

and MONTE CRISTO.

GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

Doors open at 7.45.

## ALHAMBRA.—EVERY EVENING, GRAND NATIONAL

BALLET, VICTORIA AND MERRIE ENGLAND.

Exceptional Variety Programme.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Box Office (10 to 6) is now transferred to the Charing Cross Road.  
ALFRED MOUL, General Manager.

## VICTORIAN ERA EXHIBITION,

EARL'S COURT, LONDON, S.W.

Director-General, IMRE KIRALEY.

LAST TWO WEEKS. CLOSING DAY, OCT. 30.

AMPLE COVER FOR ALL WET OR DRY.

OPEN DAILY 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.

GRAND PROMENADE CONCERTS every Evening in the  
EXPRESS THEATRE. 7000 SEATS, ALL FREE.  
60 YEARS of Her MAJESTY'S REIGN, illustrating BRITISH  
ART, HISTORY, DRAMA, MUSIC, WOMEN'S WORK,  
COMMERCE, SCIENCE, and SPORT.

Including Exhibits graciously lent by Her MAJESTY the  
QUEEN and H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES.  
GRENADIER GUARDS BAND. DAN GODFREY'S BAND.  
EXHIBITION ORCHESTRA. Other MILITARY BANDS.  
REALISTIC OLD ENGLAND. With Old English Crafts.  
THE PANTOMIMOGRAPH. The JUBILEE PROCESSION.  
BABY INCUBATORS, with LIVING INFANTS.  
GIGANTIC WHEEL RUNNING DAILY.

TWO Woodley-tirel ORMONDE BICYCLES Given Weekly.  
The TRIUMPH of CONSTANTINE. Rome 312 A.D.  
The great picture painted by Professors Buhlmann and Wagner.  
AND NUMEROUS OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

## LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

## PARIS.—SHORTEST and CHEAPEST ROUTE, via NEWHAVEN,

LEPPE, and ROUEN. Two Special Express Services (Week-days and Sundays).

London to Paris.	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)	Paris to London.	(1 & 2)	(1, 2, 3)
Victoria ... ..	dep. 10 0 a.m. ...	9 45 p.m.	Paris ... ..	dep. 10 0 a.m. ...	9 0 p.m.
London Bridge ...	" 10 0 .. ..	9 55 ..	London Bridge ...	arr. 7 0 p.m. ...	7 40 a.m.
Paris ... ..	arr. 7 0 p.m. ...	7 45 a.m.	Victoria ... ..	" 7 0 .. ..	7 50 ..

FARES.—Single: First, 34s. 7d.; Second, 25s. 7d.; Third, 18s. 7d. Return: First, 58s. 3d.; Second, 42s. 3d.; Third, 33s. 3d. A Pullman Drawing-room Car runs in the First and Second Class Train between Victoria and Newhaven.

## SPECIAL CHEAP RETURN TICKETS—

TO BRIGHTON.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets

from Victoria 10.5 a.m. Fare, 12s. 6d., Pullman Car.

EVERY SATURDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. and 11.40 a.m.; London

Bridge 9.25 a.m. and 12 noon. Fare, 10s. 6d., including Admission to Aquarium and Royal Pavilion.

EVERY SUNDAY First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s.,

or Pullman Car, 12s.

EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to TUESDAY. Fares, 12s. 9d., 7s. 6d., 6s. 4d.

TO WORTHING.—EVERY WEEK-DAY First-Class Day Tickets

from Victoria 10.5 a.m., Sundays 10.45 a.m. Fare, including Pullman Car to Brighton, Week-days

13s. 6d., Sundays 13s.

EVERY SATURDAY Cheap First-Class Day Tickets from Victoria 10.40 a.m. Fare, 11s.

EVERY FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and SUNDAY to TUESDAY. Fares, 14s., 8s. 3d., 7s.

TO EASTBOURNE.—EVERY SUNDAY Cheap Day Tickets from

Victoria 11 a.m. Fare, 13s. 6d., including Pullman Car.

TO HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EAST-

BOURNE.—Fast Trains every Week-Day.

FROM VICTORIA—9.50 a.m., 12 noon, 1.30 p.m., 3.22 p.m.; also 4.30 p.m. and 5.40 p.m. to

Eastbourne only.

FROM LONDON BRIDGE—10.5 a.m., 12.5 p.m., 2.5 p.m., 4.5 p.m., and 5.5 p.m.

CHEAP TICKETS, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday by certain trains only. To

Hastings or St. Leonards, 14s., 10s. 6d., 8s. To Bexhill or Eastbourne, 14s., 9s., 7s. 6d.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS of availability of all above Cheap Tickets, see Time Books

and Handbills.

London Bridge Terminus. (By Order) ALLEN SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

## BEXHILL-ON-SEA, the English Trouville.—THE SACKVILLE,

the only hotel on De La Warr Estate (East Front), adjoining Kursaal.

Cycling Boulevard and Golf Links.

Wurm's White Viennese Band daily. Highest class Hotel without extravagant charges.

Tariff on application to Manager.

## CANARY ISLANDS.—SANTA CATALINA HOTEL, Las Palmas.

In midst of beautiful garden, facing sea.

Sanitary arrangements perfect. English physician and nurse.

English church. Golf, tennis, cycling.

The Canary Islands Company, Limited, 1, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.

## HUMBER CYCLES.—There is no greater mistake than to think

that Messrs. Humber exclusively manufacture Expensive Machines. On the contrary, their Coventry Cycles can be purchased retail (fully guaranteed) for £15 (Gentlemen's) and £15 15s. (Lady's). For Catalogue and name of nearest Agent apply to

32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Eighth Edition, Revised. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Paper, 1s.

## THE DIETETIC CURE OF OBESITY (Foods for the Fat).

By N. E. YORKE DAVIES, L.R.Coll.Phys., Lond., &amp;c.

CONTENTS: Part I.—What Constitutes Robust Health? Dangerous Conditions due to Coryphency: Weak Heart and Congestive Diseases of the Circulation—Diet: the only safe and Permanent Cure—Safe at any Age—Quick Medicines, Drugs and Purgatives, permanently Injurious or Fatal for this Purpose—Foods of Energy, and of Heat: their Use and ultimate Elimination—Errors of Diet: Evils consequent on Food in its Relation to Work—stimulants and Liquids in Obesity. Part II. Dietetics of Obesity.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"This work deserves careful study."—QUEN. "The only safe and permanent cure of obesity."—WESTERN GAZETTE. "This is the very best book on corpulency that has ever been written."—LADY.

London: CHATTO and WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.



## SMALL TALK.

Africa still holds its own in public interest. Kimberley itself has been engaged during the week in trying Galishwe and the other leaders in the recent Bechuanaland rising. A strange story was told of Galishwe's taking refuge with Field-Cornet Bosman, the Boer, who supplied him with ammunition, and of the errant chief's final capture. At the bottom of the page I give a picture of Luka Jantje, the chief rebel of the Langberg campaign. The portrait was taken about four years ago, when he went to Jagersfontein to collect money among his people, and was taken over a diamond-mine there, with the object of showing him his native followers at work in the mine.

The latest information about the exiled Zulu chiefs at St. Helena is that they are likely to be back in South Africa before the end of the year. Miss Colenso, who has pleaded their cause with so much zeal, left London recently in order to visit them. The likelihood is that she will later proceed to Zululand, where her great influence with the natives is a proverb. Her father was the famous Bishop, and the daughter has inherited not a few of his qualities. The three chiefs who have been in exile are Dinizulu, the son and heir of Ketswayo; Ndabuko, a full brother of Ketswayo; and Tshingana, the half-brother of the Zulu King. Dinizulu is quite a young man, and, according to those who have met him, he is both intelligent and amiable. Like his uncles, Ndabuko and Tshingana, he has pined to get back to the sunny skies of South Africa. It is small wonder if they have found a seven years' residence in St. Helena rather monotonous. That lonely island tried the spirits even of Napoleon, and it is not much livelier as a place of

residence than it was in his day. There is no need to recall or discuss the circumstances under which the chiefs were banished. It is sufficient to say that everybody will be pleased that it has been found possible to repatriate them. Dinizulu would much have liked to come and see the Jubilee Procession in London. He still hopes to visit England, having heard of the marvels with which it abounds.

But Africa is such a big place that there is room for loyalty to the White Queen as well as rebely; and Mombasa, the capital of the British East Africa Protectorate, chose the loyal road.



THE REBEL CHIEF GALISHWE.

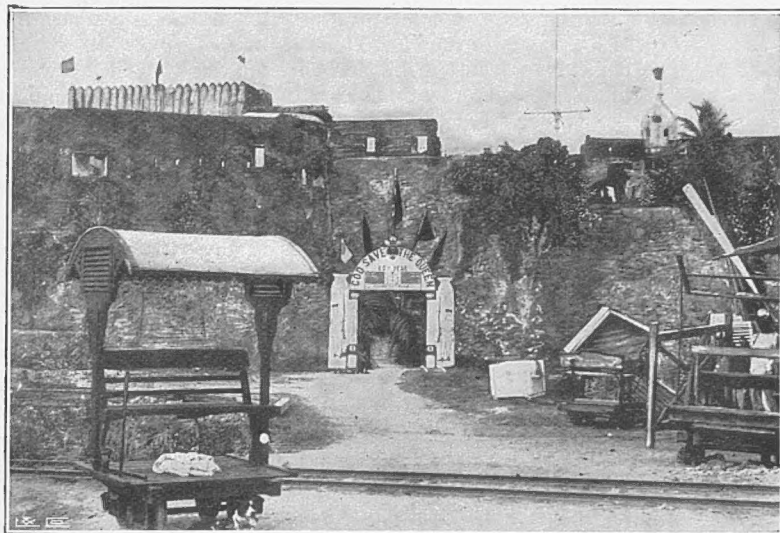
Photo by J. E. Middlebrook, Kimberley, from a Negative by Mr. Drevo.

I gladly give a picture of the Jubilee celebrations there, for, though it comes late, it forms a useful correction to the notion of the black as a blackleg. The loyal subjects began on Sunday, June 20, by a Thanksgiving Service at Frere Town; Monday was devoted to putting the finishing touches to the decorations, &c., and making the final arrangements. The memorable 22nd opened with a parade of troops at 8.30 a.m., a royal salute, presentation of medals, and sports, closing with a dinner at the English Club, a torchlight tattoo, fireworks, a bonfire, and Ngomas (native dances). The Kilindini road, from the Military Camp down to the Club, was lined by Sikhs holding lighted torches; so also was the main street. The dinner at the Club was a great success, and her Majesty's message to the Protectorate was read, duly honoured, and then despatched to Uganda by special runners. During the progress of the firework display the grounds at the back of the Club were covered with natives in their war-paint, and they danced until about 2 a.m., aided by Wells lights. On Wednesday the natives had an entertainment all by themselves, and on Friday the crew of H.M.S. *Blonde* made merry.

The publication of the probate of the will of the late Mr. Barney Barnato must have been indeed disappointing reading to those imaginative persons whose fancy loves to stray among multifarious millions, and clings about the fortunate mortals who are supposed to possess them. It must have been something in the nature of a shock to these innocent folks to find that the great South African's personal estate fell short of those magic seven figures which would have admitted him into the ranks of the millionaires, and that, beyond this, their hero was not even Barney Barnato, but Mr. Isaacs. Had Mr. Barnato's tragic fate overtaken him a few years ago, matters might, and probably would, have been otherwise, but the whirligig of time—especially where diamond and gold mines are concerned—brings strange changes in respect of real and personal estate. Talking of millionaires, I am told that with the late Mr. Richard Benyon, whose name was a by-word in philanthropic circles, a solid and genuine millionaire has passed away.

It is rumoured that Mr. Benyon's personal estate will exceed the million, while the real estate—the Berkshire property—which passes to a nephew, is worth at least another million and a half.

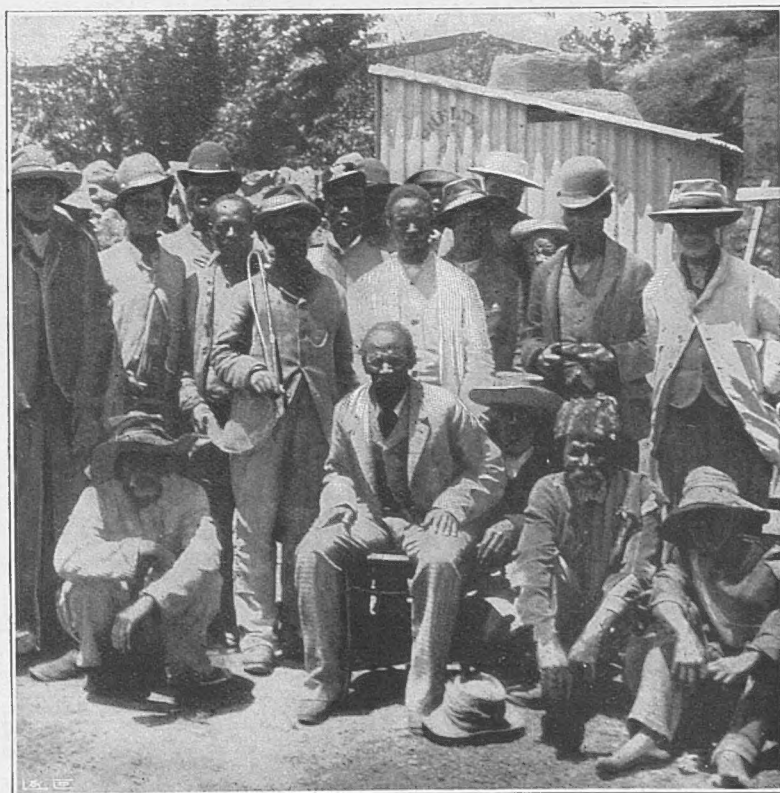
The business of law ought to be worth following in America—anyhow, when extraditions to British territory are concerned. The one man



TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN THE OLD PORTUGUESE FORT, MOMBASA.

who seems to have missed the possibilities was the Attorney-General of the American legal district concerned, or rather, he awoke to them at a late hour. Accordingly, it was suggested, in a sort of postscript to the bill, that New South Wales should present the said Attorney-General with a piece of plate to the value of a hundred pounds. Poor fellow, he had got left out of the perquisites, but a bit of plate would help to heal his disappointment. It may be assumed with some certainty that New South Wales is not likely to respond with any heartiness. There will be no public subscription, no beautiful inscription full of beautiful sentiments and thankfulness. Rather, the Colonists will remember the item for strengthening Butler's cell in his American prison—an item which was not forgotten in the bill.

I have already referred in these columns to the case of the mother of six policemen, and another of six soldiers. A correspondent refers me now to the case of Charles de Courbon, Comte de Blénac, lieutenant-general (admiral) in the French Navy, who was "Governor of the French Islands of America" (this was the official title) in 1677. He commanded a squadron in the operations against St. Christopher in 1682 and St. Eustache in 1689. This squadron was composed of six vessels, and each of these was commanded by one of the Comte's sons. This is, perhaps, a unique record in the annals of the world's navies. The Comte de Blénac died at Martinique on June 10, 1696.



LUKA JANTJE.

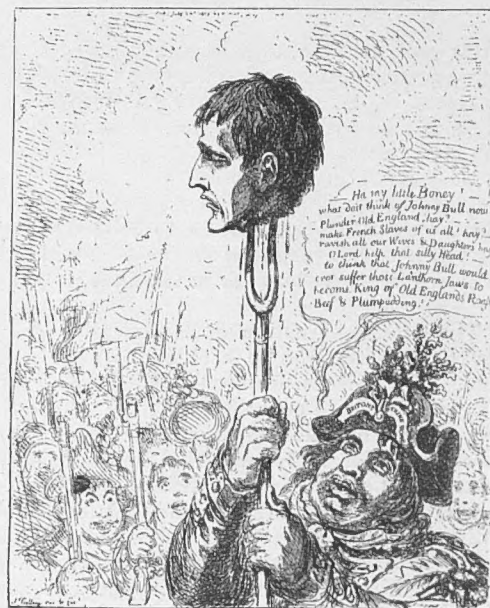
Photo by Henry Ponting, Jagersfontein.



Nelson—and he is in every Englishman's eye this week—recalls the other great N, Napoleon to wit, who is being biographed in a very readable way, under the title of "The Great Adventurer," in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Quite recently, Mr. Graves, of Pall Mall, got hold of a cast of the First Consul's death-mask, which I reproduce here. Of course, he got a market for it at once in America, whither he sent it without seeking a buyer at home.

I may also call attention to a capitally illustrated article in caricature of Bonaparte which appears in the current issue of *Le Monde Moderne* of Paris. The Great Napoleon lent himself only too easily to caricatural art, as any of those collectors fortunate enough to possess a portfolio of Gilrays among their other treasures have already realised. Just ninety-nine years ago all smart London crowded round the shop-window of Humphrey in St. James's Street to see how James Gilray had translated the already formidable Corsican's Egyptian exploits; but at that time the famous caricaturist can have but little realised how excellent a subject he was to find in "Boney." One of the best and most characteristic specimens, and which also possesses the further value of giving us a powerful and probably fairly accurate counterfeit presentiment of George III., was published in the June of 1803. The King is shown as Brobdingnag, Napoleon being Gulliver. Very shortly after, the artist again treated the same two personages in juxtaposition; and in "The Death of the Corsican Fox, as represented at the Royal Hunt," we see stumpy George III., in his character of huntsman, holding up poor Reynard before a pack of yelling hounds, severally labelled St. Vincent, Nelson, Sidney Smith, Gardiner, and Cornwallis. Curiously

Sir Walter to the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," "which the world chooses to ascribe to me, and am, therefore, unworthy of the praises due to that individual, whoever he may be." A little more equivocal are the terms in which a daughter of "Mark Rutherford," a writer of the day, and in some respects without a peer, replied to a letter relating to her father's books. "I am sorry to say I know nothing of the books to which you refer, and I don't think my father, if he were able to write to you, could help you. I am not aware that my father's name has appeared on the title-



GILRAY'S VIEW OF NAPOLEON.

page of any book save one ["The Ethic of Spinoza"] written some years ago."

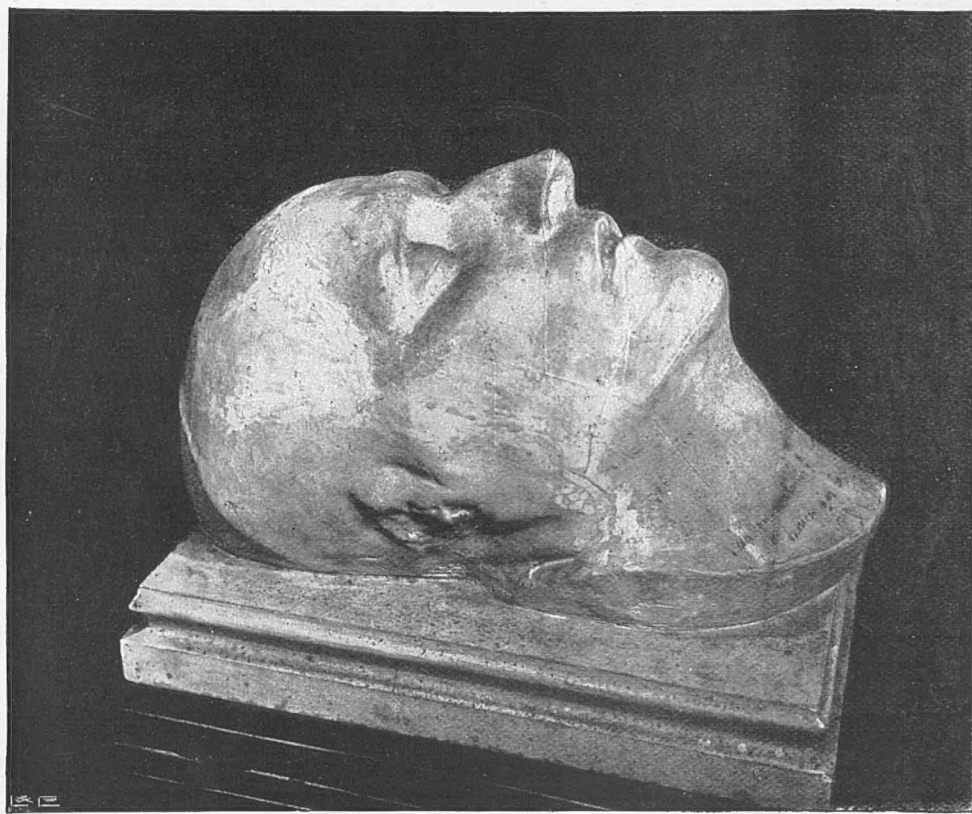
Mr. J. W. Harrald, joint compiler of the forthcoming Life of Spurgeon, abjures being regarded as a Boswell to the famous preacher, with whom, as his private secretary, he was associated for a considerable number of years. The founder of the Tabernacle at Newington Butts was, in many respects, a typical Englishman, albeit he was not without some of the characteristics of his Dutch ancestry. There was never anything of austerity or gloom manifest in Spurgeon: he was at all times genial and humorous. As a past-master at repartee, the distinguished Baptist could more than hold his own with a company of political leaders or Church dignitaries. Mr. Harrald was wont to be present—at Mentone and elsewhere—when companies of three and four notabilities met his chief in social intercourse; and if, from his phonographic notes, he will transcribe and embody some of the encounters of wit he has witnessed, he will add zest to a work which is likely to be not the least interesting of the numerous biographies at present in preparation.

The memory of the greatest of modern impresarios may probably scarcely require bonds of stone and ever-during brass to perpetuate it, for many thousands of music-loving people will always have a grateful remembrance of Sir Augustus Harris. Still, the trouble of the memorial graven on human hearts is that hearts must sooner or later wear out, and, if posterity is to know the great ones departed, their memorial must be wrought in some colder, though less transient, substance than the tables of flesh. So we must welcome even the cold marble when it comes

to us with the features of a friend. The accompanying photograph of a bust recently executed by Mr. Joseph Whitehead declares itself. The great manager of the National Theatre and the National Opera House, citizen, knight, spectacular artist, and general good fellow, has been successfully caught by the sculptor, of whose work, I understand, Lady Harris very highly approves. The bust will be enshrined in a handsome drinking-fountain designed by Mr. Sidney Smith, architect of the Tate Gallery. The fountain is of classical design, and is ornamented with tragic and comic mask and musical instruments. It will be unveiled shortly.



SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS.—JOSEPH WHITEHEAD.



NAPOLEON'S DEATH-MASK.

enough, Gilray shared the fate of so many of Napoleon the First's enemies. He was obliged to more or less entirely give up work long before the great soldier ceased to trouble Europe, and his death occurred a fortnight before the battle of Waterloo.

Like other prominent men, the late Professor F. W. Newman did not escape the unwelcome attentions of autograph-hunters. To one of these unknown applicants he sent the following characteristic letter (hitherto unpublished), which may be commended as a specimen for the use of other victims—

Western-super-Mare, Jan. 2, 1881.

DEAR SIR,—I have many times stiffly refused to give my signature to a stranger, and regret that I did not always. The great impropriety of the thing did not at first present itself to me, as it has not to you.

I hold it to be a pardonable curiosity to desire to study the character of anyone's handwriting. There are a few persons who think they can elicit a judgment both of the intellect and of the morals by it. A gentleman skilful in this told me that signatures always baffled him. There is no worthy object whatever to be gained *except from the ordinary handwriting*.

You must be aware that rich men, whose signature might be forged, are careful to write it in some unnatural way. It seems to me a want of delicacy to ask the signature of *anyone*, when a fraudulent use *might* be made of it.—I am, Yours truly,

FRANCIS W. NEWMAN.

The signature was printed in large letters.

Mention was made in *The Sketch* a week or two ago of the denial of authorship of their works by more than one famous writer. It may be interesting to cite in this connection the categorical terms in which Sir Walter Scott and a contemporary writer of distinction disavowed their own creations. "I am not the author of those novels," wrote



The "Mop Fair," which was held at Stratford-on-Avon on Wednesday, is said to be the largest in England. Excursion-trains brought thousands of people into the town, and large numbers came in from rural districts. Five oxen and a dozen pigs were spitted in the streets at improvised fireplaces and roasted whole. They were consumed early in the afternoon. This year there were more shows and bigger crowds than ever, and the



ROASTING THE OX AT THE "MOP FAIR," STRATFORD-ON-AVON.  
Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

main thoroughfares of the town were completely blocked. While other statute fairs have declined or become extinct, Stratford "Mop" appears to increase yearly. More hiring was done, and farm-labourers of every class commanded better wages. General servants especially were much in request, the supply being far short of the demand.

The golden wedding of Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane was celebrated on Oct. 7 in royal fashion at his country seat at Brympton, near Yeovil. Sir Spencer, as Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department and Gentleman Usher to the Queen, is well known in all royal circles. He married the Hon. Louisa Dillon, third daughter of Viscount Dillon. Himself the son of the fourth Lord Bessborough, his name, of course, was originally Ponsonby, but he added the surname and arms of Fane to it two-and-twenty years ago. Sir Spencer has had a family of eleven—six sons and five daughters—the youngest of whom, Eleanor, was drowned in 1878 by the upsetting of a boat. All his children now living are married, so that there was, as you may judge from the accompanying picture, quite a goodly family party gathered round the venerable couple to congratulate them upon the happy occasion. A special service to mark the occasion was held in Brympton Church.

A correspondent, referring to an article on Professor Mahaffy, which recently appeared in *The Sketch*, takes exception to the statement in it that Dr. Mahaffy was elected to a Fellowship of Trinity College, Dublin. "Surely that is a mistake," he writes. "I was always under the impression that to obtain a Fellowship in Trinity a man had to pass what is universally admitted to be the hardest examination in the world." My correspondent is right in his estimate of the difficulty of the competitive examination for Fellowship in Trinity College, Dublin, but he is in error in supposing that the candidate who obtains the highest number of marks at the examination becomes necessarily a Fellow, although, as a matter of fact, he is generally elected. The examination is for the purpose of ascertaining the most suitable person, as regards learning, for election to a Fellowship, but other qualifications, such as character,

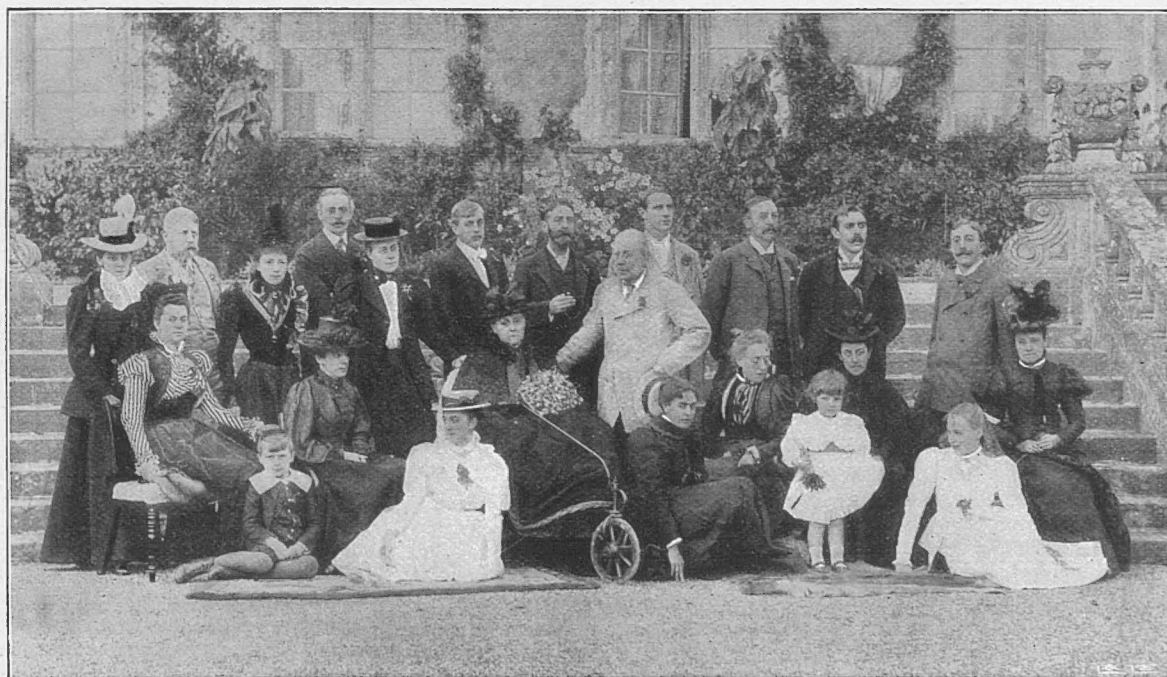
are indispensable. Cases have occurred in which the best answerer has been disqualified. The word *election* is always used in connection with the appointment of Fellows. Moreover, the declaration made by the chosen candidate after election opens with the words: "Ego G. C. electus in numerum Sociorum hujus Collegii, profiteor," &c. (Statuta Collegii, cap. viii.). A clause in the Letters Patent, 43 Vict., runs: "Our will and pleasure is that an election for one Fellowship, and one only, shall be held every year, irrespective of vacancies." From these instances, it will be evident that the writer of the article in question used the appropriate term when he said that Dr. Mahaffy had been elected to a Fellowship.

A friend of mine, superstitious in racing matters, told me a curious story of how he came to back the winner of the Cesarewitch last Wednesday. He was chatting with a man who is a great theatre-goer, when it so happened that Mr. Frank Wyatt passed by. "What's he doing now?" said my superstitious friend absently. "Oh, he's playing a Merman at the Avenue," came the response. "The deuce he is!" and off went the superstitious one and backed "Mr. Jersey's" chestnut, much to his ultimate satisfaction.

The Metropolitan Police are generally to be congratulated on the admirable way in which they regulate the traffic. At the present time the regulations with regard to the never-ending stream of 'buses at Piccadilly Circus seem to make an exception to this rule. For some reason or other, these popular conveyances as they go West are not allowed to stop even for an instant at their accustomed corner, and the result to the ladies who, after shopping, wait at that spot in crowds is most disastrous. They rush after the 'buses in excited knots, wildly brandishing their umbrellas, shouting loudly to the conductors, knocking over the ordinary foot-passengers, and sometimes trying hard to scale the vehicle while it is in motion. The conductors would gladly oblige their fair fares by stopping to pick them up, but the eye of the vigilant constable is on them, and they dare not halt. The consequences can be better imagined than described. Daily as I pass along Piccadilly in the afternoon I see the same scene repeated, mobs of well-dressed women tearing along the edge of the footpath from the "A.B.C." establishment at the corner of Piccadilly as far as the Geological Museum. The damage to clothes, especially on a muddy day, must be considerable, and the "moral and intellectual" damage both to passengers and conductors considerably worse. Cannot the police authorities reconsider the question? The block caused by dawdling 'buses was, I admit, bad; but of two evils, why not choose the lesser?

A new edition of Clément and Larousse's "Dictionnaire des Opéras," revised by Arthur Pougin, has been published by the Librairie Larousse in Paris at twenty francs.

At the time when Sir John Gilbert was knighted, from his celebrity as a draughtsman on wood, it was suggested by someone that a very proper title might have been found for him in "Ivanhoe," and his name, by right of fame, ought to have been "Sir De Bois Gilbert."



GROUP TAKEN AT THE GOLDEN WEDDING CELEBRATION OF THE HON. SIR SPENCER AND LADY PONSONBY-FANE.  
Photo by J. R. Beckett, Yeovil.



When I walked into the restaurant where I usually lunch, the other forenoon, it was finally driven home to me that winter had come, for such of the waiters as are feminine had abandoned white bodices for black. This fact has precisely the same effect as the lighting of the fire that has borne a blameless ornament for months past—

I know full well that summer days  
Like summer birds have taken wing—  
I see it in the sunbeam's rays,  
I notice it in everything.  
The 'busman dons his overcoat  
And gloves the hands that else would hack;  
I see at lunch or table d'hôte  
My waitress has gone back to black.

When July sent its verdant leaves,  
And roses blossomed, fit to drop,  
She tripped about in muslin sleeves  
That half redeemed the British chop;  
With shoulders all ballooned she'd steer  
Her passage on the crowded track;  
But now that leaves are brown and sere  
My waitress has returned to black.

The ribbon blue that bound her hair—  
You saw it when she scanned the till—  
Has vanished, and she has to wear  
A band of velvet dark and chill.  
Farewell the frill that served for cuff,  
The sun has jilted us, alack!  
And now, instead of frill and fluff,  
My waitress stalks in stately black.

No damsel sailing silver Thames  
In dainty launch or light canoe,  
A-playing Cupid's stratagems  
In flannels and the spotless shoe,  
Was ever half so proud as she  
Who poises plates with cunning knack:  
When autumn came and stripped the tree,  
My waitress straightway took to black.

The calendar I may ignore:  
She is a walking almanack;  
What need to tell that summer's o'er?—  
She mourns the fact in weeds of black.

I have just met Israel Zangwill and had a brief chat with him about his impressions of the great Congress at Basle at which he was present. This Congress, which was convened by Dr. Herzl, of Vienna, had for its object the arrangements necessary to permit the Jews to return in a body to Palestine from all the lands through which they have been scattered. The idea of Palestine as a Jewish Kingdom has roused extraordinary interest in Jewish circles, and, not unnaturally, I was anxious to hear what so representative a man as Mr. Zangwill thought of the idea. He told me that he had been deeply impressed by the enthusiasm displayed at the Congress, and thought that, if the national feeling could be aroused and sustained, much more would be done in the way of practical work than people who had not attended the Congress would deem it reasonable to imagine. He spoke of the speech of Dr. Max Nordau, which summed up the condition of the Jews all over the world in a sympathetic and masterly manner, and was one of the events of the meeting. Mr. Zangwill, who has been working hard in Paris, is now returned to England, and is giving his lecture on the Ghetto in various towns of the United Kingdom. He has already lectured at the Westbourne Park Institute, and has one or two other metropolitan engagements later in the month. There is some talk of an American lecturing tour, but at the moment nothing has been arranged.

At the Crystal Palace, where the game of bicycle-polo to which I recently referred is still attracting large crowds, the autumn series of Saturday Concerts has commenced. It began on the ninth of this month, when an unusually large audience attended to hear little Bruno Steindel play the piano, and to find out whether the recent changes in the personnel of the Crystal Palace orchestra have affected the quality of the music. Some two months or more ago the management of the Palace decided to give a series of evening concerts, and announced to the orchestra that their services would, to all intents and purposes, be required all day and every day. The immediate result of this regulation was found in a series of resignations that, for the moment, threatened the stability of the famous orchestra. It was equally impossible to blame either the men or the company; every man must look after himself, and most of the players worked in big metropolitan orchestras at night. Happily, capable substitutes were found and carefully drilled, and on the occasion of the first concert critical opinion was unanimous in an expression of approval and of congratulation to Mr. August Manns, who had brought the recruits to such a high pitch of excellence. With regard to Bruno Steindel, I hear with pleasure that he is returning to the study, and will not face the public again for some years. Strictly speaking, this little six-year-old genius ought to be in the nursery. The mania for infant prodigies is a very unhealthy one, and should be gently but firmly discouraged. Little Miss Maud McCarthy was one of the advertised attractions last Saturday, and now, it is to be hoped, we shall be spared from the good works of infant phenomena for some time to come.

The Lord Mayor, Sir George Faudel-Phillips, whose official duties will shortly come to an end, may look back upon one of the most successful years that a First Magistrate of the City of London could

possibly enjoy. Not only has he done so much—he has done everything so tactfully and well. As I think of the half-dozen occasions when I have been present at dinners over which he has presided, and recall the never-failing felicity and originality of his after-dinner speech, I am astonished. Men who have dined with him very frequently tell me he has never repeated himself, and for this alone he deserves a pedestal. The art of the after-dinner speech is among the highest of the social arts. To all public knowledge, Sir Faudel-Phillips leaves his high estate loaded with honours and good opinions, and free from the everlasting indigestion that would have tracked a man of meaner mould to his doom. Turning to other matters of interest in the Lord Mayor's official career, it is worthy of mention that he has collected over seven hundred thousand pounds for charity, exclusive of the Maidstone Relief Fund, to which I hope the public will make such response as will enable him to declare, with truth and gratitude, "Finis coronat opus." People may imagine that the subscriptions come in to the Mansion House by themselves. I know that this is not so, and that among their huge hosts of acquaintances the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress were indefatigable in pressing the claims of the various good causes on whose behalf they were raising money. If all the Lord Mayors of London were men of the calibre of the present one, the privileges of the City would not readily be assailed, even by the most radical reformers.

The craze for the ancient game of golf—comparatively of recent growth—in Greater London is answerable for many ebullitions of temper. A short time ago the good folks of Mitcham were set by the ears on the question of golf-links. Now we have "wars and rumours of war" with regard to a well-known South London eminence called "One Tree Hill." It is a very long time indeed since I have climbed the hill in question, though I believe I have often seen it from the Crystal Palace railway. Thirty years ago it was wonderfully wild-looking for a spot so near thickly populated suburbs, and in those far-off days the public wandered about it without let or hindrance. Many a game of rounders have I played on it in the late 'sixties and early 'seventies, and have enjoyed many an impromptu picnic on its breezy heights. I can quite understand the feelings of the good people of Peckham when they found themselves deprived of so rural an open space; but whether the number of years during which they have enjoyed its freedom constitutes a title as far as the public are concerned is a matter which, apparently, will have to be thrashed out in the Courts of Law. The golf club that has innocently rented it can hardly be considered in an enviable position, in any case.

I am informed that Mr. Hall Caine has decided that if, after he has completed the dramatisation of his novel, "The Christian," it shall transpire that John Storm prove the leading character, Mr. Willard is to have the play. But, in case Glory should prove the leading character, Mr. Caine has arranged for Miss Nethersole to take the play and produce it. Mr. Caine is now busily engaged upon the dramatisation.

*The Sketch* has on several occasions mentioned its Bulawayo prototype, and has even reproduced its cartoons. It may be remembered that it is a written sheet. Now the *Rhodesia Weekly Review* comes to hand, a well-printed and interesting paper; but, owing probably to the exigencies of the locality, it is produced on ordinary brown paper, which, of course, renders its information less readable than is desirable.

There was a rather cheeky but yet not unpleasantly audacious advertisement in the *Academy* the other day. The advertiser, who has evidently a good opinion of his own capabilities, wants to find some "bold editor" ("bold editor" is good) who "will introduce a poet worth notice to the public." This aspiring bard dates his communication from a Canterbury rectory, which seems to be some sort of recommendation.

The town of Bath is old, but it is very far from being decrepit. It seems, indeed, to have carried along with it the strenuousness of its Roman founders, and to-day it is better equipped than ever it has been before. To celebrate the reign it has taken unto itself the new Art Gallery, the foundation-stone of which was to be laid on Monday by the Duke of Cambridge, who was also to open the Grand Pump-room Annexe and Roman Promenade, completed at a cost of some thirty thousand pounds. The baths date from the year 60 A.D., and they were an attraction to the place until the Saxons sacked the town in the sixth century. But the Saxon could not annihilate the Roman builder; for centuries the baths were used as quarries by Saxon, Norman, and their successors alike, and some stones in the Abbey Church owe their shapeliness to the Roman legions. The baths were rediscovered in 1764, but practically nothing was done until 1877, when the Corporation started excavations, which were continued for fourteen years. The baths were undoubtedly divided into two buildings by the Roman street which then ran through the town from north to south, a hot spring being the centre of each establishment. The great well of the larger spring was surrounded by a wall of massive stone, forming an unequal octagonal figure, fifty feet long by forty feet broad, while the smaller spring was about fifty feet in diameter. The first well has been excavated, and is now utilised as a bath for hot water. The smaller one is much mutilated, and both are, unfortunately, hidden from the ordinary visitor. It is curious to see how advanced modern science has availed itself of the sanitary ideas of our Roman conquerors, whose influence it is impossible to blot out.



THE ROMAN BATH, AT BATH.

*Photographs by Miell and Ridley, Bournemouth.*



AS IT WAS BEFORE RESTORATION.



AS IT IS.



I am glad to find that Mr. Forbes-Robertson has engaged Miss Helen Conway to understudy Mrs. Patrick Campbell as Ophelia at the Lyceum. I remember Miss Helen Conway as an actress of much sympathetic grace, who has done good work, chiefly in the provinces, for some time past. I last saw her as Marion Thornton in "Two Little Vagabonds," and thought it a very creditable performance.

Some capital play-titles will be seen on theatrical posters before very long. "The Black Watch" speaks for itself; "Queen's Red" is the name of a forthcoming "musical military comedy-drama"; there are picturesque possibilities in "Blue Bonnets Forward"; and a Hall Cainesque echo is apparent in the drama to be known as "From Rogue to Christian."

If the Dramatic Section of next year's National Exhibition at Turin be systematically and thoroughly arranged—say on the lines of, though necessarily on a more extensive scale than, the corresponding section at Earl's Court—it should prove of enormous interest to all lovers and students of the stage. The history of the drama of Italy would be an enormous task to undertake, as the previous labours of Italian bibliographers and critics but too clearly show. Take only the genesis of the drama, the growth of farce, the production of the *Commedia dell'Arte* from the Atellani plays and the Mimes of the Romans; the evolution of tragedy through Miracle, Passion, and Mystery plays into an amalgam of Christianity and Greek fable filtered through Seneca. Add to these pastoral and piscatorial eclogues and plays, and then there are the innumerable comedies and tragedies of the sixteenth century, followed later by the beginnings of opera. The pantomimes are omni-

present, with their familiar Punch, Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Doctor; and there is, further, the influence of Italian dramatic art on that of other nations. Then, if one turns to the playwrights themselves, the spectacular effects, the historic halls where representations were given, the amateur actors, the professional actors, it will be seen that the bulk of material for the dramatic side of the Turin Exhibition can only be described as stupendous.

Madame Antoinette Sterling is introducing provincial concert-lovers to a new soprano in the person of Miss Edith Rema. She has been trained by the best teachers both for operatic and concert work, and has in her réper-



MISS EDITH REMA.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

toire "Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," "Traviata," "Lucia," "Rigoletto," and several of the lighter operas. She comes from a very musical family, being the daughter of a well-known Yorkshire vocalist. Her mother is a very highly finished Welsh harpist.

After La Loïc, Zæo. Miss Fuller has nearly finished her Empire engagement, and Zæo has taken a slightly similar fire-dance to the Palace Theatre. If her appearance be as lucky in results as that of Miss Fuller, she will have no reason to complain. La Loïc came over here recently, and, like the bird first sent out of the Ark by Noah, wandered up and down unable to find a resting-place for her feet. At last the Empire Theatre held out the olive-branch; she plucked it gratefully. Before she had been a week at work, the wise men of the Continental halls gathered round bringing her fine offers, olive-branches with plenty of fruit on, to continue the original metaphor. But La Loïc recollected how, some months before, the Continental managers had hardened their hearts, so now she hardened hers, and ran up her prices to the neighbourhood of the clouds, if not to the stars. The managers were in awkward plight. They were bound to get the popular "turn," so they were compelled to meet Miss Fuller's terms, and these were in the immediate neighbourhood of fifty pounds a-night. Think of it, my hard-worked brethren of the quill, and write down journalism as a grave mistake! Why were we not born flame-dancers!

Miss Elinor Molyneux, who is on tour as Renée de Cocheforêt in "Under the Red Robe," is a New Zealander who owes her first theatrical engagement to an accidental meeting with the American actress, Miss Louise Pomeroy, at the Dunedin Shakspeare Club. The result was the offer of an engagement for a tour through Australia, India, and America, and she made her first appearance in Calcutta as Cynisca in "Pygmalion and Galatea," under Viceregal patronage. Miss Pomeroy's repertoire included "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "Macbeth," "Hamlet,"

"Leda Astray," "Camille," "Richelieu," "Clancarty," "London Assurance," and many other comedies and dramas, "Pygmalion and Galatea" being the favourite performance, and it was repeated seven times by Viceregal command. Miss Molyneux stayed in India to play the leading parts for the following season, and soon after she came to London, where she placed herself under the guidance of the late John Ryder. Then she joined the Compton Comedy Company, and later accepted an offer from Messrs. Brough and Boucicault to open in Australia "New Men and Old Acres." At the Criterion Theatre she was the leading lady in a highly successful melodramatic season, and then accepted an offer to go a starring tour through Queensland with an original Australian drama by Mr. George Darrell. At the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, under Mr. Coppin's management, she played in a round of Irish dramas. Miss Molyneux then came to England, and she will continue to play the leading part in "Under the Red Robe" till the termination of the tour in December.



MISS ELINOR MOLYNEUX.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Miss Sybil Sanderson, the prima-donna, has been much discussed in the American newspapers of late because she is now able to marry. Mr. Lerry had for years been seeking a divorce from his wife, that he might marry the singer, but Mrs. Lerry, to punish him, fought his suit. She died a few weeks ago in Paris, and the famous lovers are now able to marry. Both have lived romantic lives, full to the brim with excitement and pleasure. Miss Sanderson is one of the most beautiful women on the operatic stage, and claims to be the only singer in the world who can reach the G in alto, and she is, moreover, the only woman who can sing "The Enchantress," the opera written specially for her by Massenet. She is now thirty-three years old. She was born in California, and her father was Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. She went to Paris about twelve years ago to cultivate her voice, and her career has been one long triumph. Massenet wrote two operas for her, and Saint-Saëns one, his famous "Phryne." Mr. Lerry is the son of Don Tomas Lerry, a Cuban millionaire, who left his only son seventy-five million dollars, which he has been spending lavishly in his gay life on two continents. Mr. Lerry's name has been connected with many great stage beauties, but he has been constant only to the beautiful singer of the Opéra Comique.



MISS SYBIL SANDERSON.

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

The approaching marriage of Miss Sanderson has occasioned the publication of the opinions of several leading French actresses on the question of "Ought actresses to get married?" The majority of these ladies are against marriage. Mdlle. Rosa Brück says, "My opinion is that an actress should not get married while she remains on the stage." Mdlle. Zahne puts the matter thus: "To get married being an actress? To take care of your husband and home? Is it possible? Perhaps so, provided your husband is intelligent, generous, and rich." Mdlle. Desclauzes is emphatic: "An actress should never marry, the life of the theatre being the antipodes of conjugal life." Perhaps in this matter they do not do things better in France. At any rate, the experiment has been tried here with considerable success.



On this page I have placed, for the sake of contrast, three stages in the methods of travelling. Wandsworth got the benefit of the oldest form, when the carnival was held there the other day, organised by Mr. H. Martin and Mr. C. W. Simms. There were several sections in the procession. The first was that of equestrians, and in this there was a motley array, Joan of Arc being cheek by jowl with a Chinese mandarin, and an Indian rajah (Mr. Martin) riding by the side of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Cowboys, highwaymen, cavaliers, John Bulls, and what-not, made up a brave show. The rattle of the collecting-boxes sounded merrily throughout, and eighty pounds was taken for charities.

Four-in-hands are an old fashion come to life, and they will go on spanking despite all cycles and motors and other mechanical contrivances. Lord Curzon's team, which I give here, is very smart. Lord Curzon is a "whip" in more senses than one, for, as Treasurer of the Household, he is well known in the Lobby of the House of Commons. He was married, when twenty-two years old, to a sister of Lord Randolph Churchill, and since 1885 he has represented that division of Bucks which includes the constituency where Disraeli first offered his services to the public. In the first Parliament in which Lord Curzon sat he was selected to move the Address in response to the Queen's Speech. Lord Curzon, who is still several years short of forty, is a musician and a cricketer. His wife is a capital electioneerer.

The song in "Lord Tom Noddy," which recorded that "Rhoda rode a roadster on the road to Ryde," was up-to-date yesterday. To-day it has been rendered old-fashioned by reason of the motor-car, for



MR. SIMMS AND MR. MARTIN IN THE CARNIVAL AT WANDSWORTH.



LORD CURZON'S FOUR-IN-HAND, WITH LADY CURZON DRIVING.

Miss Minnie Palmer has equipped herself with a Daimler motor-carriage, and has been astonishing the people of Aberdeen, where she has been playing recently. In the driver's seat you see Mr. Jerard, her manager, who was the Mr. Bream in the first production of "Sweet Lavender" in the provinces. That was in the very town of Aberdeen itself. Then, seated at the back is Mr. John Cavanah, the manager of the local theatre, one of the nicest men in provincial playdom, who has made the Granite citizen regard the theatre as something not entirely wicked; and that means a great deal when you come to know these good people. Following the alliteration suggested by the rhythmical Rhoda, I might say, "Minnie manned a motor *mit* majestic mien."

The calamity which has overtaken Maidstone shows plainly the fallacy of absolutely and implicitly trusting to the water companies for the purity and wholesomeness of the article they supply. Yet how many of us give this all-important matter more than a passing thought, and are only too glad if we are not reminded too forcibly of the dangers lurking in the water-pipe! However, what has happened at Maidstone may happen anywhere and at any time. The present juncture is, therefore, particularly opportune to draw attention to the remarkable results obtained by the "Berkefeld Filter." Dr. Lunt, of the British Institute of Preventive Medicine, has found, as the result of his recent investigations, that these filters are able to absolutely retain typhoid bacilli—in fact, the filters did not allow a single bacillus to pass in the whole course of his experiments—twenty-six days. These results fully confirm those obtained in the investigation carried out by Dr. Sims Woodhead and Dr. Cartwright Wood

for the *British Medical Journal*, and published in this paper in November 1894. The filters are so simple in construction, and can be procured and fitted at such a reasonable cost, that there is really no excuse for neglecting to adopt this simple and, at the same time, efficient precaution against one of the most distressing diseases. To mention that quite recently St. Bartholomew's Hospital has been fitted throughout with these filters is to say that the "Berkefeld Filter" enjoys the highest scientific patronage.

*Eureka*, the threepenny magazine which started mainly as a play-bill paper, has blossomed out quite wonderfully; the October number is the best threepenny journal I have seen. The ingenious Mr. Sime of *Pick-Me-Up* furnishes a very clever cartoon of Mr. Tree, "Hamletising," while his cover shows Mr. Forbes-Robertson in the actual gear of the melancholy Prince. There is a nicely written and illustrated history of *Lloyd's News*, and a lot of other items in print and picture.

I hear that Mudie's Library took two hundred copies of Lord Tennyson's *Memoirs* of his distinguished father—an order of some magnitude, seeing that the work consists of two large and expensive volumes.



MISS MINNIE PALMER'S MOTOR-CAR.

Photo by Wukie, Aberdeen.



## "THE CHILDREN OF THE KING."

Those people who keep till late in life a taste for fairy-tales and lollipops are fortunate: it may be that they are not necessarily young in heart, but, at any rate, their scope for pleasure is immense. To them "The



MISS HILDA SPONG, WHO APPEARS IN "THE CHILDREN OF THE KING,"  
AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photo by Talma, Melbourne.

"Children of the King," despite the fact that the author and adapters have been too lavish with their language, and that in some respects the acting is rather weak, will prove charming. I fell in love with the Goose-girl as quickly as did the Prince, who found her, sad and lonely, outside the hut of the wicked witch, who ill-treated the maiden as a way of inducing her to take up the witchcraft business. When he told his love and learnt her precious secret, I was thrilled sympathetically, without, however, yielding to jealousy. That he should have misunderstood her and treated her badly was too much "just like a man" to cause any astonishment. Fortunately, fairy-tale princes have noble natures, and he was soon sorry, and showed his sorrow by risking his life for his sweetheart when the burghers of Hellabourne—not unwisely nor wickedly, according to human standards—refused to accept the Goose-girl as queen. The minstrel, with the fine imaginative insight of the true poet, saw the royalty in the girl and the ragged incognito Prince who had humbly taken the post of swineherd. And the minstrel nearly died for loyalty.

Few true fairy-tales allow two young lovers to die of cold, of starvation, or of fatigue. The Prince and the Goose-girl might wander shivering through the snow, hungry and wayworn; they might lie down to die—to die in the arms of each other, with heart beating against heart till heart ceased to beat at all; yet the fairies were on their guard, and, when distress was keenest, suddenly brought food and warmth and raiment and homage. So the Prince and Goose-girl are King and Queen of Hellabourne to this day, and their sufferings have taught them love for all who suffer.

It is a charming piece, doubtless somewhat tedious in a few scenes which can easily be cut. The translation has been made with remarkable skill. Miss Cissie Loftus, as the Goose-girl, though, perhaps, a little overweighted, was fascinating. Mr. Martin Harvey acted brightly, if unimaginatively, as Prince, and Mr. Dion Boucicault admirably in the minstrel's part. Nor should a clever piece of comedy by Miss Hilda Spong be overlooked. Humperdinck's remarkable music has been written too economically: one longs for more of it.

It may be remarked that the Court Theatre has been quite transformed by the well-known firm of Warings. The entrance-hall has been enlarged, and a charming scheme of decoration in eau-de-Nil, old ivory, and old gold has been carried out most successfully, the effect being cool and refreshing to the eyes as well as very pretty. Altogether, the alteration must be pronounced a decided success.

## CHILD ACTORS ON THE LONDON STAGE.

Everyone who has seen Mr. Esmond's delightful play, "One Summer's Day," at the Comedy, must have been charmed by the piquancy and humour of "the Urchin," so well portrayed by eleven-year-old Robert Maule Bottomley. Master Bottomley, who is a native of Liverpool, counts kin with Mr. Horatio Bottomley. This talented youngster was a protégé of the late Sir Augustus Harris, being the youngest child singer ever licensed for engagement to the departed impresario. Three years ago little Robert appeared at Covent Garden as the Boy Captain in "Carmen," a part which he also sustained in the "command" performance before the Queen at Windsor. He won special commendation and a gracious pat on the head from her Majesty. Master Bottomley was trained for his part by Mr. Stedman, who taught him to sing it in French, German, and English. He sang in French at the Windsor performance. He has appeared also as child chorister in "Harold," "Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," "Aida," "Manon," "Pagliacci," and many other operas. Robert was a general favourite. Signor Ancona dubbed him "Our dear little Captain," and Sir Augustus gave him a pretty gift inscribed "To dear little Robert," and bearing his own motto—"Try, try, try again." Before joining the opera, Robert was chosen for the child's part (excised, unfortunately, before production) in Mr. Jones's "Tempter." For the future all child's parts at the St. James's are reserved for him by Mr. Alexander. With Mr. Ben Greet he has played "Puck" on tour, also Fleance and Apparition in "Macbeth" with Mr. Louis Calvert. Mr. Greet wishes him to study Ariel in "The Tempest," including the music, for Robert has a fine voice. Singing is in the family. His elder brother, Mr. Roland Horatio Bottomley, now at the Lyceum, was once famous as a boy soprano. Mr. Bottomley takes the greatest interest in his young brother, coaching him assiduously for his parts. Robert is a very quick study (I had almost said "devilish" quick, with Mr. Folair of Crummles' company), and gets up his words without any trouble. On his recent tour with Mr. H. B. Irving, he learnt all the other parts from hearing them repeated. One day Mr. Nutecombe Gould caught him going through his part of Hamlet, and then and there appointed him his deputy. Once, with Mr. Greet, during a rehearsal of "As You Like It," the William happening to be absent, Robert took up the cue with such drollery that the company did no more serious work that day. In private Robert entirely lays the stage aside, and is a real boy, hearty, manly, and unaffected. One's experience of the stage child is, as a general rule, depressing; some have tried me with epigrams, others with their lack of colour; but Robert Bottomley is a welcome reassurance.

Miss Valli Valli, who figures in "The White Heather" at Drury Lane, is too well known to need any detailed notice here; but attention may be called to the little girl, Miss Lina Verdi, who makes her appearance as the Broom-binder's daughter at the Court Theatre. She dances very prettily, sings charmingly, and wins all hearts.



MISS RUTH VINCENT, NOW APPEARING AS ELSIE MAYNARD IN  
"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



CHILD ACTORS ON THE LONDON STAGE.



MASTER BOTTOMLEY IN "CARMEN."  
*Photo by Hana, Strand.*



MASTER BOTTOMLEY AS THE URCHIN IN "ONE SUMMER'S DAY."  
*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS VALLI VALLI IN "THE WHITE HEATHER."  
*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



MISS VALLI VALLI IN "THE WHITE HEATHER."  
*Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.*



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In the second rank of our novelists to-day Mr. Seton Merriman stands high, and, perhaps, should stand higher than he actually does. If he could only laugh, he would be a writer that one could treat with real seriousness. He has keen insight into human nature; he has a varied experience of life; you feel the man of intellect at the back of the story-teller; his style is often excellent. There is wit in his books, and I am aware of an occasional comic purpose; but there is never a laugh. The general result is not sombreness, but stiffness—a tendency to treat all his personages with too much ceremony, even those he despises. In his book, "In Kedar's Tents" (Smith, Elder), for instance, one gets the impression of moving among a company of breathlessly distinguished people. Each one is uncommonly subtle, or uncommonly brave, or uncommonly cynical, or uncommonly passionate. There are no dull, stupid foils to these. It is a company on stilts; they are perfect masters of these artificial aids to height. For the rest, "In Kedar's Tents" is a capital story of the Carlist troubles in Spain more than half-a-century ago. An Englishman—to be quite accurate, he is Irish—is mixed up in these, and by his cool courage distinguishes himself where all, so far as the book shows, are distinguished for similar qualities. There is a fine old general with the spirit of a lion, the tread of a ghost, and manners of a

that paper) in the "Westminster Shilling Library." The grim realism of the stories told by "Archie," the old burglar, seems to argue that the studies are drawn from life. If so, Mr. Morley is to be congratulated on possessing a remarkable source of "copy," if not on a marvellously resourceful imagination. The author's deep understanding of the seamy side of life is further proved by his more pretentious book, "Studies in Board Schools" (Smith, Elder), a collection of personal observations, originally printed in the *Daily News*, which will be an eye-opener to many who think they know London. We hear and hope that the Board Schools are doing a great deal for the masses; Mr. Morley's book helps largely to resolve our hope into comforting assurance. The book, perhaps, is an implicit defence of the Board School, *qua* Board, but the controversial element, if, indeed, I am right in suspecting its existence, is skilfully subordinated; and simple facts, the best of argument, are allowed to convey their own conclusion. A trifle too rhapsodic in manner at times, Mr. Morley writes as one whose heart is in the right place. His deep sympathy with the child, especially the uncared-for street-urchin, is nowhere more strongly evidenced than in his telling sketches of the Southwark ragamuffin. For that larrikin, once so hopeless, Mr. Morley shows that light has arisen. And, take him for all in all, the improved version is no prig. "Studies in Board Schools" would be a wholesome tonic and rebuke to the author of a recent foolish work which sought to decry the spread of knowledge among the masses.

Mr. R. Brimley Johnson has collected from various magazines a number of Mr. W. B. Rands' delightful papers for children, and they have been published in two volumes, called respectively "Lazy Lessons" and "Essays on Conduct." Of the minor writers of the last generation, Mr. Rands was one of the most unconventional and charming, and he was far too little appreciated. His "Lilliput Levée" should put him almost on a level with Stevenson as a nursery poet. It is high time a new edition of it was issued. Rands knew children intimately—so intimately that he felt quite sure he could even preach to them, or at least, talk quite seriously, without running any risk of wearying them. These two little books represent him in his graver moods with young people, speaking to them of the real meaning of their school-tasks, and of the true worth and the common-sensibleness of good conduct. It is all so fresh, so unconventional, so gentle, and so stimulating to thought and loyalty, that children will respond quickly and heartily to this born teacher, while grown folks will admire the lucid brevity of a delightful writer of real unobtrusive genius.

Speaking of children's books, I note that the enterprising Mr. William Doxey, of San Francisco, who once decorated his window



THE WIGGIN WINDOW OF MR. WILLIAM DOXEY, SAN FRANCISCO.

very perfect carpet-knight. There is a parish priest with an intellect which the Vatican should have used in its councils, the physical heroism of one who has spent his life in camps, and the humble mind of a little starved old woman. There is an ex-smuggler who might, with a slight change of costume, play the part of Bayard. And for incident, there is the pursuit of a dangerous letter that passes mysteriously from hand to hand, is lost and found, and lost again, though love and vengeance, loyalty and intrigue, are all on its track.

If one complains that, in spite of their brightness and vigour, there is never a laugh in Mr. Merriman's books, what shall one say of "The Raid of the *Detrimental*" (Pearson), which aims at being a laugh from one end to the other? There is not a syllable written but with a farcical intention, and I have seldom read a gloomier book. Lord Desart has some reputation as a humorist. Here with conscientious effort he has striven to maintain it. It concerns the abduction of a company of fair aristocratic maidens and their chaperon by a band of reckless bankrupt scamps incited by a millionaire financier, who has been refused the hand of one of the maidens by her blue-blooded and worldly-minded parents. Adventures on board the *Detrimental* and among gentle savages are laboriously invented, till we begin to guess that what our instructors have told us is really true, that the way of transgressors is hard, and of ourselves we add, desperately dull. At the Savoy we might have watched the story with enjoyment, sung in light dialogue set to witty music.

Many who have enjoyed Mr. Charles Morley's sketches in the *Westminster Gazette* will welcome their appearance (from the office of

with mementoes of Stevenson, and on another occasion with the relics of Decadence, has got a Wiggin window. This charming writer, although she has not long since changed her name in marriage, will always be remembered by that under which she first won our suffrages. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin was born in Philadelphia on Sept. 28, 1857. Her father, Robert Noab Smith, was a well-known lawyer in that town, and in the list of her ancestors she can number many prominent Quakers of past generations, among them Mary Dyer, who was hanged for her religious zeal, and the famous Hannal Dunstan. Mrs. Wiggin's first interest was education, and she still continues to be active in behalf of the Kindergarten system. She was but nineteen when she first studied the methods in Los Angeles, and a year later she was entrusted with the establishment of the Silver Street Kindergarten in San Francisco. In 1880 she married, her first husband dying in 1889. Two years ago she wedded, *en secondes nocces*, Mr. George Christopher Riggs, and settled at Hollis, Maine. She frequently visits London, and spends her winters in New York. Her first story, "Half-a-Dozen Housekeepers," was printed in *St. Nicholas* in 1878, and "The Birds' Christmas Carol," of which over 160,000 copies have been sold, was written, in the first place, to raise money for her school. Fifteen editions of "Timothy's Quest" have appeared in England, and her London publishers, Messrs. Gay and Bird, have over six thousand advance orders for a cheap edition, which is to appear this autumn. It may be added that Mrs. Wiggin is a delightful singer, and plays the guitar. She is regarded in America as the most accomplished and talented woman that has ever concerned herself with active philanthropy.



## COWBOYS OF THE GREAT WEST.

*Photographs by W. G. Walker, Cheyenne, Wyoming.*

The last annual report of the United States Secretary for Agriculture shows that the total exports of fresh beef have increased from 137,895,391 lb. in 1889 to 224,783,225 lb. in 1896. Exports of fresh beef from the United States to the United Kingdom have increased from 137,286,553 lb. in 1889 to 224,507,040 lb. in 1896, showing that of the



A BUCKER.

total exports of this product in 1896 all but 276,185 lb. went to the United Kingdom. The total exports of live cattle for the fiscal year 1896 reached 372,461, of which 364,193 were for Great Britain. During the same period 63,698,180 lb. of canned beef were exported, 40,092,098 lb. of this going to the United Kingdom. Of the total of 71,223,512 lb. of salted and other cured beef exported during last year, 36,416,180 lb. were sent to Britain.

The great cattle-ranges of the United States, where this beef is produced, lie principally between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains, and between the British possessions on the north and Mexico on the south. While various portions of this vast territory are thickly settled by farmers, and dotted over with scores of prosperous cities and towns, a considerable portion of it is not suitable for agricultural purposes because of insufficient rainfall. The nutritiveness of the grasses, however, which require slight rainfall, makes it one of the best stock-raising countries in the world.

The territory is largely prairie, broken here and there by numerous large rivers and the numberless smaller rivers and creeks which flow into them. The ranch buildings of the cattle-raisers are invariably constructed by some watercourse, and the immense herds of cattle are turned loose to graze on the prairie, which extends to the horizon in a succession of waves which resemble a mighty sea. Here and there the monotony is relieved by dark-coloured buttes, which stand like silent sentinels in the dim distance. For convenience the grazing-grounds are called "ranges." These are sometimes owned by the occupants, but in many parts of the West are more frequently a part of the public domain. Where this is the case, the ranges are divided so satisfactorily between the cattlemen that conflicts are of rare occurrence. Each man's right to his range is considered sacred and is jealously guarded. No one thinks of interfering with him. Cattlemen, however, will not permit sheep to graze on their ranges, and the attempts of sheepmen to take possession of cattle-ranges, and *vice-versa*, have caused more than one miniature rebellion in the Western part of the United States.

Prior to the construction of the railroads which connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, the region which now annually furnishes the beef-supply of millions of people was designated on the maps as the Great American Desert, and was little known except to the adventurous pioneers who penetrated its wastes far in advance of civilisation. The construction of railway lines and the opening to settlement of Indian reservations brought within reach vast areas of grazing-ground, and these were eagerly seized by prospective cattle-raisers, who subsequently established ranches and engaged in the raising of stock.

The cattle industry received its greatest impetus during 1882 and 1883, when the increase in prices was rapid. The abundance of money at low rates of interest stimulated the business of stock-raising, and caused extensive and sharp competition for herds of cattle, thereby advancing prices, which rose to such an extent that calves were worth more in the West than in any other part of the United States, and were brought from the more eastern States by thousands.

Yearlings and two-year-olds are now annually driven from Indian territory, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and other States and Territories in the South-West to the great grazing-lands of the West, where the low cost of fattening beeves for market enables stock-raisers to derive enormous profits by producing four-year-olds from yearling stock. The so-called Alkali-grass which covers most of the range has the peculiarity

of curing on the stock, and in winter is the sole food-supply of thousands of head of cattle. Cattle which feed upon this grass take on flesh at an astonishing rate, and instances are numerous where cattle which have grazed from year to year upon the ranges of South Dakota, without being fed a pound of grain, have shown greater weight and brought better prices in the Eastern markets than have cattle which were fattened upon grain.

The care of these vast herds of cattle renders necessary the employment of small armies of men. These are called "cowboys," or "cow-punchers," and for picturesqueness are unsurpassed by any other body of men. They are a brave, devil-may-care class, and as rough-riders are without peers. The semi-hostile Indians who live in the vicinity of cattle-ranges fear the cowboys, and are careful not to molest any of the cattle or property in their charge. If they should, they know that the retribution of the cowboys will be swift and sure.

Work on the ranges generally begins between the 1st and 20th of May, by which time the cattle have "shed off" and there is an abundance of grass. At that time the cattlemen start out a number of waggons and cowboys for the purpose of "rounding-up" or gathering together the cattle which have strayed away from their home-range during the winter.

Every large stockman is expected to have a cowboy or representative (called "Rep" for short by the cowboys) with each waggon that is assigned to the region where his cattle graze. With each waggon there is a foreman, a cook, and two "horse-wranglers," besides some twenty or thirty riders. Each cowboy must furnish his own outfit, which consists of a saddle, bridle, spurs, bed, &c., and the ranchman for whom he works supplies him with a "string" of from seven to ten horses, two or three of which are probably wild bronchos which have been ridden but once or twice. The cowboy is expected to do as much riding as the whole "bunch" of horses can stand. Thus, with each round-up waggon there are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred saddle-horses. These are under the direct supervision of the "horse-wranglers," and are driven along with the round-up wherever it goes. The routine is as strict as that imposed upon the military when on a campaign. At three o'clock in the morning the cook is up and preparing breakfast over the camp-fire. Just at the peep of day the night-herder drives in the horses, and the loud call, "Horses in the corral!" brings every cowboy out of his bed. Breakfast is hastily swallowed, the blankets are rolled up and deposited in the bed-waggon, horses are roped and saddled, and the riders are off in less time than the average farm-hand would consume in rubbing his eyes and getting his boots on.

The foreman informs the circle-leader what country or territory he wishes to "work" that day, and, according to his instructions, the cowboys ride away in one or two squads. Many of the wiry little "cow"-ponies buck furiously and try to throw their riders off at the start, but a few miles of hard riding over prairies and through ravines and other depressions makes them quite submissive.

As the party gallop along, keeping constantly on the highest ground, which affords them the best view, a number of cattle are seen feeding in some valley, and one or two of the cowboys are detailed to drive them to the appointed rendezvous. Farther on another bunch of cattle is



A PITCHING BRONCHO.

seen, and then another, until at last the circle-leader and a few of his best-mounted men sweep around the head of the creek and ride down the opposite side.

In the meantime, the cook has washed the tin plates and cups, harnessed four horses to the round-up waggon, and driven off at break-neck speed to the next camping-place. He is closely followed by the "night-wrangler" with the bed-waggon and the day-herder with the reserve horses. A few miles' drive, and they stop at some spot where wood and water can be obtained. When the sun approaches the zenith a fire is started and dinner is cooked. Soon the riders begin coming in with the cattle they have gathered during the forenoon, and immediately begin to devour the food which has been prepared for them. The meal



over, fresh horses are roped and saddled, and the same programme as in the forenoon is followed, except that from two to four men are detailed to bring along the cattle that have already been rounded-up.

By sundown the riders are all in from the second circle. Eight men who are selected by the foreman to stand night-guard saddle their horses

The round-up work is very trying, as well as dangerous in some particulars. In chasing and roping a steer, it is necessary to urge the ponies to their utmost speed, and it occasionally happens that a pony steps into a gopher or prairie-dog burrow and stumbles and throws its rider, breaking his neck or otherwise injuring him so that he will die.



ROPING AND CUTTING OUT.

and picket them near camp. The two that are to take the first relief ride out to the "cavy" (herd of cattle), while the others unroll their beds upon the ground and are soon fast asleep.

When the round-up party passes by the ranch of some stockman, and at such other times as it is convenient, the stockman's cattle are "cut out" (separated from the herd), and his calves are branded. Then it is that the cowboys select their best-trained horses. The cattle are first bunched together in a compact mass. A large number of the men ride around them to keep them in place, while the ranchman, whose cattle are to be separated from the main herd, and a few of the best cow-hands enter the herd and "cut out" all cattle that bear his brand.

It is here that the really wonderful sagacity of the "cutting"-horse is displayed. As soon as he discovers which animal his rider wishes to separate from the herd, he will follow it through the dense mass of cattle, darting hither and thither, turning at times so quickly that the motion would unseat any but the most skilful rider, but always pushing the steer towards the edge of the herd. Once outside, it is driven away to a bunch of that particular brand that a few cowboys are "holding" a short distance from the main herd. When all of this particular brand

During cattle stampedes cowboys are sometimes thrown from their horses and trampled to death by the frightened steers.

When the spring round-up is over, the calves all branded, and the cattle gathered and turned loose on their home-range, the cowboys are employed in putting up hay for the coming winter, for, although ninety-five per cent. of the stock obtain their living during the winter from the grass on the ranges, it is necessary to have some hay on hand to feed the calves through weaning-time, and such of the animals as are too thin and weak to withstand the winter on the open range.

During the summer season the cowboys vary the monotony of their lives by frequent expeditions after grey wolves, which cause a greater loss to stockmen than anything else. While all kinds of stock are killed and eaten by them, they show a decided preference for young colts as an article of diet. In securing their quarry they display wonderful sagacity and almost human intelligence. Whenever a pack of wolves discover a band of horses feeding among the trees and underbrush along a river, they stalk them as skilfully as a hunter would stalk a deer, keeping well to leeward, so that no tell-tale scent shall be carried by the wind to the acute nostrils of the horses. Suddenly a wolf springs from behind a clump of bushes, and



A BUNCH OF TRAIL CATTLE.

have been "cut out," a fire is lighted and the work of branding the calves begins. The cowboys work in parties of four, one roping the calves and dragging them to the fire, two to "wrestle" the calves and hold them down, while the fourth applies the red-hot branding-iron and decorates the calf with an emblem similar to the one its mother wears.

with one quick snap hamstringing an unsuspecting colt. Then the whole pack rush in among the horses, which gallop away to the hills, leaving the helpless colt to be torn to pieces and devoured by the hungry brutes. The stockmen are up in arms against them, and hundreds of the animals have been lassoed, trapped, and shot. Grey wolves are not remarkably fleet

of foot, and a good horse can easily outdistance them. The cowboys have considerable sport running down and roping the animals. This is quite a feat when the cowboy is forcing his pony to its topmost speed.

The cattlemen, for their own protection, have formed associations, composed of those having ranges in the same region. Regular annual meetings are held, at which time the cattle-interests are thoroughly discussed, officers, such as president, secretary, and treasurer of the association, elected, and all other business deemed necessary for advancing the interests of stock-growers is transacted.

At first, the problem as to the best means to rid the range of grey wolves was considered difficult of solution, but it was not long before the decision was reached that the association should take hold of the matter. This was done, and a bounty of eight dollars was offered for each grey-wolf scalp that was delivered to the proper persons. A fund with which to pay the bounties was collected by levying an assessment of a certain number of cents per head on each animal owned by every individual member of the association. By this means a vigorous and

This wholesale stealing a few years ago led to a fierce war between cattlemen and "rustlers" in Johnson County, Wyoming. A number on both sides were killed in open fights or by assassination, and so serious did the matter become that United States troops were finally called in.

Years ago thieves could kill cattle on the ranges, skin them, and conceal the hides which bore the brands of the owners, and take the meat to the nearest town for disposal. During late years laws have been in force which provide that the hides of all beef-cattle shall be exposed to public inspection. This provision was a serious blow to the prosperity of the cattle-thieves, who have ascertained from experience that they assume considerable risk when they kill cattle on the range and attempt to dispose of the carcasses in the towns and settlements.

The full round-up commences early in September of each year, at which time all cattle fit for beef are separated from the herds and shipped to market. From the commencement of the round-up until late in the fall the cattlemen are gathering and shipping beef-cattle and weaning calves. Many of the ranges are remote from railroad points. For the



CLAIRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

tireless warfare was inaugurated against the cattlemen's four-footed foes. Expert trappers and hunters, allured by the liberal offer of the cattlemen, entered the range-country, and have killed thousands of the animals during the past few years. The fund for paying the bounty is replenished by making other assessments whenever necessary.

Some of the larger cattle companies employ professional wolf-hunters by the season. One of these professional hunters, who is in the service of the Standard Cattle Company, in Wyoming, last season killed one hundred and thirty of these animals. A fine pack of hounds aid him in the work of exterminating these pests of the cattle-range.

Organisation of the cattlemen is also necessary to effectually put a stop to the depredations of cattle-thieves, who are referred to sarcastically by stock-growers as "rustlers." On some portions of the range, it is alleged by the more wealthy cattle companies that the stockmen who own only two or three score head of cattle make a practice of stealing steers from them. So open was this practice at one time that it was a common saying all over the range that all a man needed, if he wanted to be a large stock-owner, was a lariat and a branding-iron. He could then visit the range, lariat a steer that bore an indistinct brand, place his own brand over it, and drive the animal to his own range.

accommodation of stockmen, the railroad companies, at great expense, have constructed reservoirs at various points on the route used in driving cattle to the railroad for shipment, and these, having been filled by the spring rains, furnish the water-supply of the tens of thousands of cattle which are driven past them.

The beef-cattle are shipped to the Eastern markets in Palace stock-cars and by special trains, which make practically passenger-train time. There is great rivalry between competing railway lines as to the time they can make between given points, the road making the best time hoping to secure the bulk of the stock shipments.

The shipping points, as well as the stockyards at Chicago, Omaha, Sioux City, and other places, are closely watched by inspectors in the employ of the stock associations, and every precaution is taken to prevent cattle-stealing. Whenever a cattleman ships a steer bearing a brand other than his own, he must produce a bill of sale, or the proceeds will be sent to the owner of the steer, if known, and, if that cannot be ascertained, to the secretary of the stock association at the place from which the animal was shipped, who turns the money over to the owner if he can be found. If he cannot be found, the money is turned into the treasury of the association.

ALFRED I. BURKHOLDER.



## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## AN UNFINISHED TRAGEDY.

BY BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

I was sitting at the open window of my chambers, carefully smoking a pipe, which from inattention had gone out some minutes previously, and letting my thoughts stray aimlessly here, there, and everywhere, now occupying themselves with the iniquities of my laundress, and the chance of finding a decent shirt for Lady Palgrave's dinner, and then turning over the likelihood of success as balanced between the professions of briefless barrister and budding author.

I was, in fact, bored and idle, and my mind was like a kaleidoscope, in which new combinations form themselves irresponsibly every other minute from a varied jumble of odds and ends.

The voice of some passer-by in the street below recalled to me an experience of that morning, when I was travelling by train to Chatham, and the next minute I found myself thinking of Cyril Hampden.

"Now why," I asked myself aloud, "should Cyril come into my head at the precise instant that I believed myself to be recalling Chatham? Where is the transition? These cells of memory that people tell us of are unsatisfactory to me; there is too much irrelevance. If the transference of thought——"

I stopped. The proposition was answered already. Cyril Hampden had turned the corner of the street, and was looking up at the numbers in search of mine.

Years before we had been close friends, and constantly together; since his runaway marriage with a pretty, romantic, and rather well-dowered girl I had seen scarcely anything of him.

When we met occasionally, I had found him absorbed in his scientific researches, and on the verge—or so he always told me—of discovering the Essential Oil of Perpetual Youth, the secret of manufacturing opals, or the antidote to hydrophobic poison. On the conclusion of these interesting experiments, he would, I understood, be wealthy; meanwhile, he appeared to be living in tolerable comfort, chiefly on his wife's income.

I watched him as he wandered along, forbore to shout to him when he knocked at the wrong door, saw him retire abashed before the voluble remonstrance of someone else's landlady, and finally heard him ascend my own particular flight of stairs and collide, as new-comers always did, with the unexpectedness of my outer door.

I was still struggling with a feeling of lazy expectation that something was going to happen, when he entered, and, shaking it off, I rose to welcome him, waved my hand to the arm-chair opposite my own, and, fetching the whisky and soda and cigarettes from the sideboard, put them on the dumb-waiter beside him.

He sat down and leant his head on his hand for a minute.

I noticed how grey his hair had become, how harassed the lines round his mouth were, and what a dejected air his untidy necktie imparted to him. He was much nearer middle-age than I, but even he was a long way off the blissful era when, standing with reluctant feet on the brink of our forty-fifth summer, we mournfully dig a grave for our lost youth, which, so soon as it is buried, rises to the sound of triumphant music and bids us rejoice and take the new lease of life that Love bestows.

"How are the experiments?" I asked finally. "Any of them come off yet?"

"That's just it," Cyril answered, rousing himself and taking a cigarette. "I thought that I had succeeded—I was confident of a solution, and at the very last there is something that baffles me, some little flaw, some link that is missing. I have gone over the whole thing carefully from beginning to end; worked out each calculation by itself afresh and verified it; but it's like a sum in which you have started with some error that is so small you don't detect it, but that brings the whole thing out wrong in the end. I was wondering if you could help me. I don't see why you should be able to; but sometimes another mind being brought to bear freshly upon a subject throws a new light and makes it all clear. Suppose I tell you about it?"

He looked so utterly jaded that I thought the best thing he could possibly do would be to put the whole matter completely aside and think of something else.

"All right," I said; "I'm not up to much in the scientific line, but I'll do my best. By the way, what is your opinion about the transition of thought? You know how long it is since we have met. There has been nothing to remind me of you, yet I thought of you just now, while I was sitting here, and that very moment you turned up. How do you account for that?"

"Some association of ideas, no doubt," he answered indifferently; "a voice, a note of music, a sound, even the scent of a flower that has been connected on some occasion in the past with a special person, will instantly recall him. What was the subject in your mind before I came into it?"

"I was remembering a conversation that I overheard in the train this morning," I said. "I was going down to Chatham on business, and was alone in my compartment. In the next one were a man and a woman. There was a revolving window not quite closed between us. When I found that their voices were audible, I coughed and rustled my newspaper, but it was no use. They were too absorbed in each other to notice. So I had to resign myself to eavesdropping. After all, they were strangers to me."

I paused to light my pipe.

"Yes," said Cyril, "people are wonderfully careless sometimes as to

where they talk and what they say. Though, indeed, it seldom matters as long as they are unaware they are giving away their confidences."

"In this case," I continued, glad to see that he could put aside his own subject, however transiently, "the confidence was a very complete one. In fact, there was no doubt that the lady was running away from an indifferent husband with an admirer of long standing. His expressions of devotion seemed to content her, but I drew two deductions from what they said: that she was doing it chiefly from a love of romance and excitement, and a desire to punish her forsaken better-half for neglect and self-absorption; and that he was attracted no less by the fact of her having a comfortable income of her own than by her personal charms. I liked him better than her, I must say, though; I fancy a good deal of pressure had been brought to bear on him before he took the decisive step, and that he would have willingly avoided it. She appeared to be the incarnation of selfishness—she had not even left the usual epistolary demand for forgiveness and forgetfulness from her husband."

"He won't notice I am not there for ages," she said, laughing. "I wish I could see his face when he does realise it. I wonder if it will wake him up for once. But he will be philosophical. He will turn to some interesting treatise on the dissection of a woman's heart and impulses, and be consoled. If I had upset the ink over some of his calculations he would have been really distressed."

"What class of life were they in?" asked Cyril. He was leaning back now, smoking, and the frown had partly cleared from his brows. His manner was less listless, and I congratulated myself on my tact in leading him away from the contemplation of the problem.

"Our own, certainly," I answered. "The man was an artist. They spoke of the pictures he would paint when they reached Florence; of the happy days they would spend together while she read Browning in the sunshine, and he immortalised some of the poet's favourite haunts. They had no regrets, apparently; no remorse of any kind; or she had not, at all events."

"I have known women speak enthusiastically about Browning who had neither read him nor would have understood him if they had. I think they deceive themselves in these matters," Cyril spoke reflectively. His thoughts were beginning to wander. I saw the experiment looming in the distance, and my dinner at Lady Palgrave's was at half-past seven sharp, because we were going to the theatre afterwards. I felt there was not time for conundrums, so I recurred to the train episode.

"Women are very incomprehensible," I assented; "but to me they are more intelligible frequently than Browning; nevertheless, he has his merits. The artist seemed to know him by heart; he quoted several bits to her, and told her the colour of her hair reminded him of Ottima. He said he should call her by that name in future. She objected. She said she would rather be called by his usual name for her—a quaint one, Kythé."

I had captured Cyril's attention again. He was looking straight at me now with unmistakable interest.

"Very quaint," he said. "I always wondered what the idea was. What name did she call the man by?"

"Let me see," I reflected. "I know I heard it, but it has escaped me. Some surname used as a Christian name—what was it, now? Wilson, Wheeler, Wybrow?—I have it! Wyvern! An uncommon name."

"Very uncommon," assented Cyril. "And they were going to Florence, you say?"

"To Florence," I answered. "They intended stopping at Dover to-night and crossing in the morning—oh! they told me the whole of their plans. I was simply obliged to listen, though I tried to interest myself in the paper."

We were silent for a moment, and then he took out his watch and looked at it abstractedly.

"I think there is time," he said, more to himself than to me. I looked uneasily at the clock.

"Hardly," I said. My experience of Problems is that time is an unknown quantity in connection with them. "Would not to-morrow do? The fact is," I added apologetically, "I am dining with Lady Pal——"

"To-morrow would be too late," Cyril said decisively, rising and buttoning his overcoat. "I can just catch the train if I start now."

"The train!" I repeated vaguely.

Again the sensation came to me of forced inaction; of succumbing to something inevitable that advanced.

"Yes," he said, "I may catch them at Dover. Your journey to Chatham was apocryphal, of course," he went on, turning to me with a strange new life in his face. "But thanks all the same, Brian. No doubt, you have seen it coming on for some time. Perhaps she made you her confidant. Anyhow, thanks for telling me in time."

He was at the door when I called him.

"Cyril," I cried, "stop! I declare to Heaven I don't know what you mean. It is impossible—you don't think that—surely your wife——" I broke down incoherently.

He looked back with his hand on the door.

"It's all right," he said; "it doesn't matter how it came. I had to know it. The thing is now to catch them, and to give him a lesson."

His eyes flashed; he turned and was gone.

I rushed to the window, and called to him. He never even looked

back, and I saw him raise his stick to a loitering hansom as he reached the corner.

For a few minutes I tried to think it out, but I found it was no good.

The matter lay in a nutshell—I had been used by Fate in a most unfair manner to tell a man in cold blood that his wife had bolted from him. I must do something to set it right.

I packed a bag to take with me, sent a wire to Lady Palgrave excusing myself from her party, and drove to Victoria. The mail-train

couldn't afford it, and I was losing time as well as money, but it had to be done. I did not find the slightest trace of any of them in Florence. On my return I inquired at the little house in Sloane Street. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hampden had left town, I was told, on the same day, and had made no communication at all; the servants were waiting for orders. It is six weeks since then, and nothing has happened.

I search the papers daily for accounts of tragedies in foreign parts; the one I look for remains unrecorded.



MISS MARY BARTON, NOW PLAYING IN "THE LIARS," AT THE CRITERION THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MENDELSSOHN, PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, W.

had gone. I took the next to Dover, and hurried into the Lord Warden. There was no sign of the three people I sought. I made careful inquiries. A lady and gentleman had engaged rooms, but had changed their minds and gone on by the mail-boat to France.

Later, a gentleman had come in, had loitered for a few minutes about the hotel, asked some questions, looked at the list of visitors, and disappeared.

By the first boat next day I crossed and went on to Florence. I

Lady Palgrave is still implacable about the spoilt theatre-party, and says she hates unreliable people, and that when telegrams come at the last moment breaking engagements she has only one thing to say, and she says it in French—*cherchez la femme*.

I feel that I am wholly guiltless in this matter, and that if there is a Potential Destiny that guides us, it is treating me at the present time most unpardonably. I wash my hands of all responsibility, and yet—I feel responsible. But what am I to do?



## THE CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES.

My parish church is going to be restored, and as a dutiful parishioner, proud of this ancient landmark, I present you with a picture of it as it appeared when the workmen entered it. Perhaps you never thought of *The Sketch* as belonging to a parish. And yet it does. Not only so; the worthy vicar of the parish, the Rev. Septimus Pennington, pays



many a pastoral visit to *The Sketch*. I have long been devoted to his church, which stands like an island swept on every side by the ceaseless waves of traffic in the Strand. On many a dull day I have been gladdened by its fringe of green, while the bells in the old tower have diverted my attention many a time from the rigid rut of editorial duty as they clanged merrily over a wedding or some great occasion like the Jubilee. And I like the church because it was there that Dr. Johnson "sat under" some worthy Dr. Burrows, occupying seat number eighteen in the north gallery, as a brass plate still records.

St. Clement Danes is the most Western church that Wren constructed. Stow, the antiquary, declares that the place was called St. Mary Danes because Harold, a Danish king, and other Danes were buried there. But that building, where the first Earl of Salisbury was baptised in 1563, was taken down so long ago as 1680, and then Wren's structure rose on its ruins, Evelyn speaking of it as a "pretty built and contrived church." It was at least patronised by folk of quality. An Earl of Shaftesbury was baptised there in 1671, and a few years later Sir Thomas Grosvenor was joined in marriage within its walls to Mrs. Mary Davies, of Ebury, the heiress who brought to the family of Westminster the great Pimlico property destined to enrich them so wondrously. And then, only the other year, young Mr. Smith, the publisher, led Lady Esther Gore, Lord Arran's daughter, to the altar there, so that Society has not forgotten its old friend. The parish, indeed, was once full of great mansions, now remembered only in the names of neighbouring streets. For instance, there were Arundel House, Essex House, Burleigh House, Salisbury House, and Boswell House, all of which recall a great and picturesque period in our country's history. The Well of St. Clement was in that unsavoury thoroughfare Holywell Street, and near the church the ill-fated and mysteriously murdered Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was last seen in life.

Interred in the church, or in the churchyard in Portugal Street, were the mortal remains of many whose names are known to fame. Sir John Roe, who died in the arms of Ben Jonson, who wrote some fine verses to his memory; the wife of Dr. Donne; Thomas Otway the poet found his resting-place here, and so did Bishop Berkeley, and that unlucky actor Willie Mountfort, who was killed by wild Lord Mohun in Howard Street, close by. Joe Miller, of jest-book fame, was buried in the old Portugal Street churchyard; Viscount Lansdowne, the poet, in a vault beneath the church; and, in days nearer our own, Bulmer, the printer, Ackermann, the publisher and printseller, and Dr. Kitchener, of the *Cookery Book*, all were laid to rest in church or churchyard.

The stand erected for the Jubilee outside St. Clement Danes by Mr. Whiteley brought five thousand pounds in hard cash into

Mr. Pennington's hands. This sum the vicar generously devoted entirely to the restoration of our parish church. The work is in the hands of Messrs. Henry and Perceval Currey, of Norfolk Street, Strand, who have kindly given me the following details of the scheme. The church will be thoroughly cleaned and re-decorated, the new decorations following existing lines as nearly as possible. The floor will be re-paved, and the old uncomfortable seats, which are on the horse-box principle, will be rendered more luxurious for worshippers. The pew doors will be discarded, but only to be exalted, for they will take the place of the deal panelling in the gallery. The altar will be restored and raised on a marble basis in place of the present hollow wooden support, which has for years taken a great collection of dust. The somewhat commonplace East window will be moved to the end, and will be replaced by a fine representation of the Crucifixion. Four other stained-glass windows will be introduced, representing the Nativity, the Ascension, the Resurrection, and the Baptism. An altar-piece is also contemplated, and, if funds go far enough, a new vestry will be built and the entrances greatly improved.

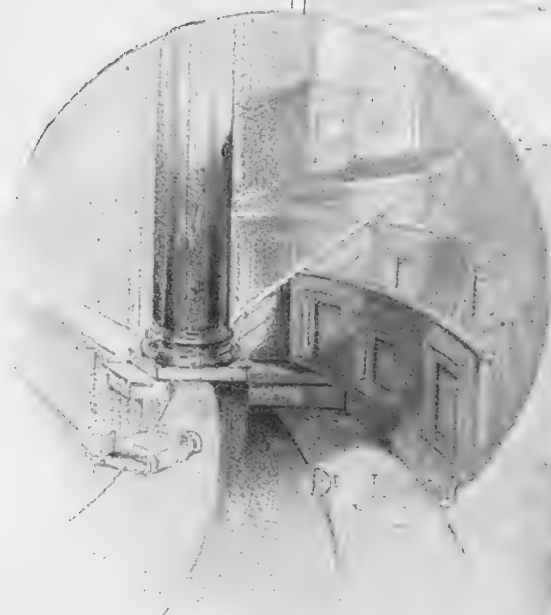
## A. VARIORUM OMAR.

Let it be counted to the Americans "for righteousness" that they—notably the dwellers in Boston—were to the fore in recognition of the great gift to English poetry, and to that philosophy of life which is of no country, made by Edward FitzGerald when, in his own phrase, he "mashed together" the quatrains of old Kháyyám. And this enthusiasm of our cousins over the sea has never cooled; every new scrap about FitzGerald that comes to light is seized on with avidity; the foundation of the Omar Kháyyám Club in London kindled eager interest in Boston and Philadelphia; edition after edition of the deathless poem is issued, in more or less daintiness of form, from Transatlantic presses; and now comes before us, in all the glory of clear and stately type and artistic binding, Mr. Dole's monumental tribute. A poet himself, he has culled from home and foreign sources an anthology of high value as showing how the thoughts of Omar, interpreted by many minds, have been transmuted, varied in expression, but identical in spirit. Mr. Dole's volumes are a perfect treasure-house of all that can now be known, and of all that has been written, about the poet-astronomer who sleeps at Nishapur. A welcome feature among the material thus ingathered is the reprint of the, practically, inaccessible pioneer articles on Omar Kháyyám by Professor Cowell in the *Calcutta Review*, January 1858, and by Mrs. Cadell in *Fraser's Magazine*, May 1879. In any future edition of this—to Omarians—indispensable work, the reference on page 545 to the



FACSIMILE OF THE TITLE-PAGE.

hips from Omar's grave should be corrected by the statement that on their receipt from Mr. Simpson by Mr. Quaritch they were sent to Mr. Baker, at Kew, to whose fostering care the successful raising of the rose-tree is due. And we think that Mr. Dole will not be far wrong if he attributes the poem printed on page 565 to Mr. Andrew Lang.



In this place and beside this  
pillar, for many years attended  
Divine service. The celebrated  
Doctor / Daniel Jones

Robert D. Jones

THE CHURCH OF ST. CLEMENT DANES IN THE STRAND.



## NELSON DAY.

Admirals' all for England's sake  
Honour be yours and fame!  
And honour as long as waves shall break  
To Nelson's peerless name.

That is the note of the stirring verses by Mr. Henry Newbolt in the "Shilling Garland" volume which Mr. Elkin Mathews has just published;

book, entitled "Afloat with Nelson; or, From Nile to Trafalgar." A weightier work is "Nelson and His Times," written by Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. H. W. Wilson, author of "Ironclads in Action," the first part of which appears to-day, printed by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, and issued by the Harmsworths as a companion to their beautiful book "Sixty Years a Queen." The *Navy League Journal* for this month contains two unpublished letters by Nelson, in one of which he says, referring to the period of deep depression at Palermo, "I see



WHEEL OF THE "VICTORY."

Photo by A. Hilliard Atteridge.



VIEW FROM THE STERN WINDOW OF THE "VICTORY."

Photo by A. Hilliard Atteridge.

and there is no doubt whatever that is the thought of England to-day as she thinks of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson, to be commemorated to-morrow. Are we to canonise Nelson year after year? Is this hero-worship but the evidence of a party spirit? What need to answer such a question? Enough that Nelson is higher on his pedestal of fame to-day than at any other time. The publishers, at any rate, believe that we cannot know him too well. Thus Mr. John MacQueen has started a series of stories about British Admirals, beginning with Mr. Charles H. Eden's

but little real happiness for me on this side of the grave." In the other, written off Toulon in 1803, he declares, "I never saw a Frenchman yet fight for fighting's sake, and I do not believe they will begin now." Such items as these, serving up facts in a new form, or bringing to light new material, only show the enormous hold that Nelson has upon the makers and readers of books. To those who do not know him in literature, there is still the *Victory* left, although, unhappily, the *Foudroyant* has been lost since last we celebrated Trafalgar Day. In



LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR" IN PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN.

the two snapshots taken on board the *Victory* and reproduced here, you see the steering-wheel, inscribed with the words of the immortal signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty." On the centre of the upright which supports the wheel are painted the flags that conveyed the message to the fleet. As the snapshot shows, there were altogether twelve hoists, using in all thirty-one flags. The last word had to be spelled out letter by letter. The signal ran thus—

253      269      863      261  
England expects that every  
471   958   220   370   4   21   19   21  
man will do his d-u-t-y.

The wheel is not the same that steered the old ship at Trafalgar. As the fleets closed, and when the *Victory* was within five hundred yards of the port beam of the *Bucentaur*, a shot from that vessel struck the wheel and knocked it to pieces, killing two of the helmsmen. During the rest of the day the *Victory* was steered by means of a tiller on one of the lower decks, "the first-lieutenant (John Quilliam) and the master (Thomas Atkinson) relieving each other at this duty."

The other snapshot is a view from one of the stern windows of the *Victory*. Just astern of her one sees the *Inflexible*, with her two-foot armour and eighty-one ton rifled guns—a contrast to the oak timbers and thirty-two pounder smooth-bores of Nelson's old flagship. Still further down the harbour



NELSON'S MONUMENT IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

can be seen another of the old "wooden walls" reduced to the condition of a coal-hulk. She was a battleship of 106 guns, launched at Chatham in 1820, and then proudly named the *Trafalgar*. Another *Trafalgar* was one of the earliest vessels that the Queen saw launched for the Navy. Compare the great old-fashioned vessel in the accompanying reproduction of an old print with the *Trafalgar* of to-day, the monster of 11,940 tons, with an indicated horse-power of 7500 (N.D.). Why, Nelson could no more manage her without practice than he could control a balloon, though she is but a passing phase of naval construction, in which we are, as a matter of fact, continually progressing, more, perhaps, than in anything else.

The Londoner, of course, can never get away from Nelson, even if he would. Trafalgar Square, with its splendid column, dominates the West; in the East, he has but to turn into the crypt of St. Paul's to see where Nelson was buried (in January 1806). The sarcophagus which contains the coffin was the one made at the expense of Wolsey for the burial of Henry VIII., while the monument in the Cathedral itself is by Flaxman. In fact, we cannot do too much to honour Nelson. He was great in the art of seamanship; he was endowed with the weakness of man in all emotional matters; but it is just this intense humanity of his that will always make him lovable.



NELSON'S TOMB IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOLAS, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.



## "NEVER AGAIN."

Photographs by Byron, New York.

Time after time one was tempted to say, "Enough of these complications—give us something less brain-twisting," and yet there came some funny turns of the wheel and everyone was laughing. The greatest laughter came from Mr. Gottschalk's wonderfully clever study of the German 'cello-player whose giddy wife Octavie, *en tout bien et tout honneur*, had flirted prodigiously with Vignon, the sculptor, and Ribot, his wicked father-in-law. What a bewildering position it was, with old Ribot giving a little dinner to Octavie in the rooms that the 'cello-player used without the knowledge of his wife for his own wicked little anti-conjugal games! Everyone seemed to be drawn into the net, from Ribot's wife, who, after eight months of feigned dumbness, tried to make up for lost time by prodigious tongue-clacking, to the jealous, pretty, amorous wife of the young sculptor.

It would be capital practice for the prentice journalist to try to give a clear account of "Never Again" in a thousand words: the old hand may be excused if he shrinks from the difficult, though not impossible,



Katzenjammer (Mr. Gottschalk) in Vignon's studio.

task. Yet, though the piece is occasionally obscure, the thread of the intrigue is never actually broken. At times, no doubt, as in the case of the dumbness of Madame Ribot, the conduct of the characters is unduly extravagant even for farce; but, as a rule, there is some consistency in the extravagance. The 'cello-player is admirably aided by his wife. Miss Agnes Miller, as the ex-cook who worships the musician, but has to find vent for her natural exuberance of spirits by vigorous flirtation, acted with fascinating liveliness, a curious arch kind of merriment, and a wonderful willingness to sacrifice herself to the part. Her limpness when she faints is quite wonderful. These two, Mr. Gottschalk, a brilliant character-actor, and Miss Miller, might redeem a heavier farce. Capital work was done by several other members of the very long cast, notably, Mr. George Giddens as Ribot, Miss Clayton as the

pretty wife, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who took the part of Vignon, the sculptor, and Miss Fisher, the ferocious mother-in-law. "Never Again" was preceded by Mr. Clement Scott's "The Cape Mail."



Vignon discovered by his wife and his mother-in-law in the same room as Octavie (Miss Miller), who has fainted in the chair.

"NEVER AGAIN."

*Photographs by Byron, New York.*



*Octavie hiding behind the screen to escape the notice of her husband, Herr Katzenjammer.*



*Madame Ribot is deaf, a fact that gratifies her husband (who feeds her like a child) and her son-in-law.*



## CONCERNING CULLODEN.

Photographs by Colonel A. R. B. Warrand.

The recent sale of some of the treasures of Culloden House, which sent connoisseurs scurrying North in keen competition for *bric-à-brac* of every sort, has brought the historic spot into prominent public notice; but, in



HON. DUNCAN FORBES OF CULLODEN.

any case, the place will always be memorable as the scene of the last battle which was fought on British soil, and which settled the question once and for all (despite the Jacobite Society) that the Stuart should not rule us.

Pronounced Culloden, as it ought to be, and not Cull-odden, as it ought not to be, there is a soft and musical ring in the name that whispers of romance — of sorrowful romance. It is the graveyard of a people's hopes and of a prince's ambitions. Beneath those patches of green sward, so clearly traceable amid the heather, lie the bones

of many a sturdy, brave Highlander who fell fighting for Bonnie Prince Charlie, and with them lie buried for ever every hope that might have been entertained of replacing the Stuarts on the throne of Scotland.

Hapless Stuarts indeed! they seem to have left at Culloden a heavy share of their misfortunes. Where is the representative of this great family of Forbes to-day? A stranger in a far land, the estates of his ancestors so burdened with debt that he has practically nothing to come home for. The wizard's prophecy has come true, and the sword has been a very merciless one —

A merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Frantic were the cries of some of the rabid Jacobites on learning that the relics of the Forty-five were to leave, and yet nobody came forward with an offer to erect a museum for these treasures. As it is, most of the principal relics have found good homes, which they might not have done had they been left in a house that was to be let by trustees at the best rent they could get, in the interests of the estate. There is little likelihood of the new laird coming home, and a successor, who had never seen Culloden, or learnt to revere its name, might sell the relics without troubling to inquire how, when, or where they went, so long as they fetched a price to satisfy him.

Now, Colonel Warrand, the gentleman to whom the contents of Culloden House were left, being, through his grandmother, Sarah Louisa Forbes of Culloden, a direct descendant of the famous Lord-President, and consequently a near relation of the late laird, though, unfortunately, obliged, owing to the nature of the will, to send his legacy to the hammer, took the greatest interest in getting together the right people to buy at the sale, and bought in very largely himself, perhaps the most interesting of his purchases being the Prince's walking-stick, which he subsequently offered as a gift to the Queen, and was honoured by her Majesty graciously accepting. It was generally stated at the time of the sale that the Queen was the purchaser. This was not the case. It is particularly gratifying, however, to the true lover of Jacobite relics to think that the staff which Bonnie Prince Charlie must have held daily in his royal grasp, and which stood by his bedside the night before the famous battle that decided the fortunes of his race, should at length return to a lineal descendant of his house in the person of our venerable Sovereign. The stick, of which the accompanying is the only photograph ever published, apart from its history, is something of a curiosity in itself. It is a perfectly straight piece of



CAIRN CONSTRUCTED BY MR. DUNCAN FORBES.

hazel (unusually long for a walking-stick), and is double-headed, as seen in the illustration. The head to the left is said to represent Wisdom, that to the right Folly. Both faces are carved with considerable skill, but by whom no one knows. Wisdom and Folly! Victoria and Charlie! The carver was a prophet.

Perhaps, after the walking-stick the next most interesting relic was the old shovel-board table at which the Prince dined during his stay at the Castle. The supports of the table, which has already appeared in these pages, display magnificent carving, very deep and massive. The Mackintosh of Mackintosh bought it for the large sum of three hundred and seventy-five guineas, and the table now reposes at Moy Hall, the ancient seat of the chiefs of Clan Chattan, where the Prince once stayed, and where there are many relics of the Forty-five, including a bed in which the Prince slept.

While such relics had to be scattered, others were, happily, immovable. Such is the battlefield itself, which lies on Drummoissie Muir, about two miles south of Culloden House. This narrow strip of heather, with its dark border of firs on the northern side, and the great cairn of stones in the centre, standing like a sentry keeping perpetual watch over the graves of the clans, must ever be memorable. The cairn, which is twenty feet by eighteen, was constructed by Mr. Duncan Forbes, the late Laird of Culloden, out of a mass of stones which had been gathered together many years previously with the view of erecting a monument to the brave Highlanders who fell fighting for the Prince. The money originally collected for this purpose was diverted, so Mr. Forbes had the present monument erected at his own expense, besides having headstones placed at the end of each trench, with the names of the clans buried there clearly cut thereon. The largest of these trenches is that of the Mackintoshes, a perpetual testimony to the bravery of that great clan. The chief of the Macgillivrays is immortalised by a slab erected at the spot on the south-east end of the battlefield where Alastair Mor Macgillivray, who commanded the Mackintoshes at Culloden, fell as he was crawling to get a drink at the little well close by. He had fought his way single-handed to a point beyond the enemy's cannon, killing with his claymore twelve of the enemy, although pierced and shot himself through the body in several places. The little well is known to-day as "Dead Man's Well," or "the Well of the Dead."

About a quarter of a mile to the east of the battlefield, and about the same distance from the immense viaduct by which the Highland Railway are bringing their new line from Aviemore across the River Nairn, is the Duke of Cumberland's Stone. From the top of this great boulder the "Butcher Duke" is said to have watched the progress of the battle. Old Hugh Mackay, the forester at Culloden, used to tell that his Royal Highness hid behind it, two depressions near the upper edge, on its east side, marking the place where the Duke rested his elbows and peeped over! On one occasion a cabman from Inverness was heard informing the occupants of his conveyance, "Yon's where the Jook took his luncheon!" Now, however, agile people have only to mount on the stone and read for themselves, in clearly cut letters, "The position of the Duke of Cumberland during the Battle of Culloden."

About a quarter of a mile on the west side of the battlefield, and on the north side of the road to Inverness, stand two half-ruined cottages, with some broken-down walls between them. Here it is said the dragoons were stationed after the battle, and to this day the spot is known as the King's Stables. Leaving the King's Stables behind, and turning down past the farm of Black Park, through the great birchwood, towards Culloden House, one passes, on the edge of the new railway intersecting the wood, a great oak-tree with a stone beneath it. This stone forms a good though not very luxurious seat. Here it was that the great Lord-President came to think out his plans—great plans for the welfare of his country. The most powerful and influential man in Scotland during those stirring times, how great his hopes in the heyday of strength and success! In later and declining years, what regrets! What sorrows and disappointment at the ingratitude of a Government! With his estates burdened with debts, from which they have never recovered, the Lord-President Duncan Forbes died a saddened and disheartened man at the comparatively early age of sixty-two.



PRINCE CHARLIE'S STICK.



THE KING'S STABLES.

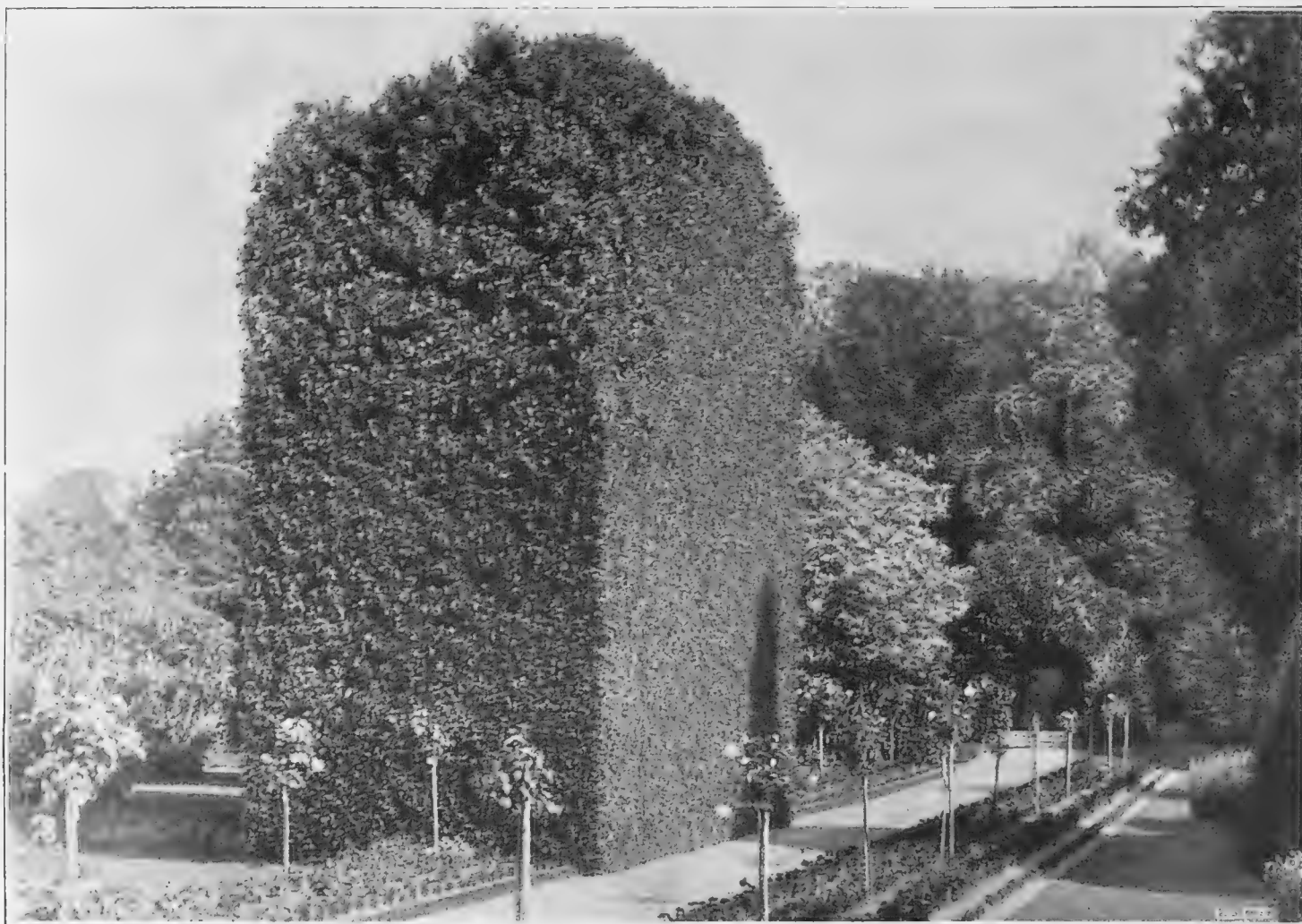


THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND'S STONE.



DEAD MAN'S WELL, WHERE THE CHIEF OF THE MACGILLIVRAYS FELL.





HOLLY-TREE IN THE GARDEN AT CULLODEN.



THE PRESIDENT'S TREE, WHERE FORBES USED TO SIT AND STUDY.

## THE ART OF THE DAY.

Sir John Gilbert's death leaves open the question of his successor to the honours of Royal Academician, and in many quarters it has been suggested that Sir John Tenniel would alone be the fitting recipient of such honours. It is true that a great illustrator should succeed a great illustrator; but it can scarcely be asserted that Sir John Tenniel

Sir John Gilbert, that it will be given to any other artist in mere black-and-white; for, whatever may be the general verdict upon the weakness of Tenniel's late *Punch* work, the fact remains that he is the *doyen* of modern black-and-white men in England, and could not fittingly be passed over in any such choice; that is the necessity



THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY LOMBARDI AND CO., PAUL MALL EAST.

represents really the highest limit of our accomplishment in the art of black-and-white, so far as England is concerned. Sir John Gilbert, admirable painter as he also was, stood upon a very different plane of art. Tenniel's early work is undoubtedly his best, particularly such delightful work as is to be found in the two "Alice" books, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," where his drawing is excellent and his humour exceedingly keen, equal, in fact—and could more be said?—to the humour of Lewis Carroll's book. But whether that should suffice to place him in the shoes of Sir John Gilbert is surely another story. At the same time, it is not likely, in the event of Tenniel not succeeding to the vacant place of

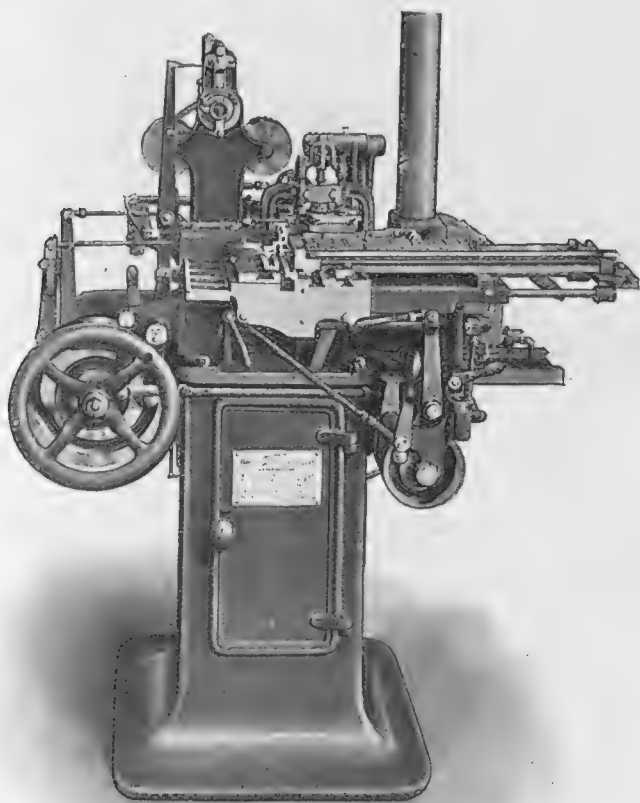
of officialdom in the art of every country; its pains are endured as the complementary balance of its patent blessings.

Madame Lombardi's photographic studies are, with reason, admired by everybody who is not fanatic on the subject of the photograph as a means of producing artistic results. "The Portrait of a Lady" exhibited herewith is an excellent example of her carefulness, her accomplishment, and of her artistic vision. The subject, for a beginning, is a very excellent one, and the lady poses well. Nothing could be sweeter or tenderer than the ease or the composure of the whole picture, if one may be allowed to call it by that title.



## THE MONOTYPE.

Of course, the journalist knows everything—or, at least, everything of any importance, save, perhaps, one. The one thing that he does not know is the way by which his more or less illegible *pattes de mouche* become fair characters upon the paper. If you tackle him upon the



THE MONOTYPE MACHINE.

subject and show signs of complete ignorance, he will talk about "formes," and "composing-sticks," and "chases," and "ems," to say nothing of "galleys"—indeed, it is ten to one that he will facetiously call himself a "galley-slave," and he may go so far as to wonder how he came to be *dans cette galère*, though probably he cannot tell you in which of the plays of J. B. Poquelin the phrase occurs. As a matter of fact, he knows next to nothing of the subject, and if you bully him as to the meaning of the term "em," he will try to conceal his ignorance by a feeble joke about "m" or "n."

The coming journalist will have to take matters very differently. Probably, instead of sending down to the office by boy-messenger or cab an ugly scrawl written on any kind of paper—I know a famous journalist who, from motives of economy, uses nothing but the margins of daily newspapers—he will forward rolls of thin paper curiously punctured. Years ago, before I had become a good sailor and able to write nautical articles first-hand, the Channel passage was a very awkward affair for me. I remember one occasion, long before the magnificent modern steamers were built, that I crossed from Newhaven to Dieppe at night, and was comfortably asleep ere the midnight cockleshell had started. After a little while I awoke, hearing a fearful noise, and discovered that an old man with tousled grey hair, and a ruddy young woman, a sort of female Caliban in type, were turning the handle of a machine while it steadily gorged long rolls of perforated paper, and groaned abominably in a kind of resemblance to a tune during the process.

The memory of that Channel passage came into my mind when, upon the urgent request of a friend, I went to see the Lanston Monotype Machine for type-setting and casting. "You had really better know something about it," said the friend, "otherwise in a few years you will find that, for lack of a little manual skill, your occupation, like that of Othello, will be gone."

I was curious to know what I should have to learn; it is a kind of typewriting. What is this machine which threatens to make something like a revolution in newspaper offices? First, I saw a man sitting at a kind of typewriting machine working in what seemed to be the usual way, till one saw that the roll of paper which he attacked, instead of receiving the impression of letters, was being assailed by a series of punches, which drove neat little holes through it. Here was a mystery. The roll of paper steadily revolved, and, unwinding itself, passed through the district of the punches, and then wound itself up on another spool. After a while the operator took the spool with the punctured paper and fastened it in a machine of no great magnitude which stood near; then he turned a handle, or pressed a lever, and the machine suddenly clanged and clattered, and became a thing of life. Almost instantly a glistening type-letter marched out of a door in the machine, immediately followed by another, and another, and another. They marched along at right angles to what may be called an ordinary printer's

galley. Nobody stood near. When the line of type was as long as the width of the galley, it gravely stepped forward, aided by a metal arm, and took its place in the galley ready for business. It seemed magical, and the gravity with which the metal letters marched along was irresistibly comic: each one seemed a living being—a sort of well-drilled soldier doing a march past.

That was the whole matter: the one Monotype Machine, aided by the operator, punched the paper, the other machine produced and set up the type aided by no man, and set it up in such a fashion that you could take your stereo or print from it at once. I said "produced," for each one of the glistening letters that marched along was only about the third part of a second old when it set out upon its life's task; and let me add that in some newspaper offices its life would be but a question of a few minutes, and yet during the few minutes of its sudden existence it may help to overthrow an empire, or build one up. The type which emerged from the machine was, one-third of a second ere it started, part of simple molten metal in a pot. When the perforation in the ribbon of paper reached a particular spot, a portion of that molten metal was forced into a mould, then moulded into type, cooled, picked out, and set on its legs, or rather, leg. And the operation is repeated about three times in the second, which is at a rate in which you could not utter the famous "Jack Robinson."

How is it done? All mechanically, all automatically. No new principle of science is involved, no startling development of electricity. As a matter of fact, the machine that I saw was driven by electricity, but any other force would serve as well. The actual casting and setting is done by means of compressed air. To give any mechanical description would involve me in an interminable unintelligible talk of levers, cranks, ratchets, &c. The plain fact remains that the holes in the paper ribbon control the casting and setting up, letter by letter, of the copy.

What is the practical outcome? The machine works as fast as three compositors, and, since it produces new type each time, the question of bad impressions from worn-out type or plate disappears. It produces automatically a perfect "justification," in other words, spacing. In the case of writers who can typewrite, no question of difficult scribbling occurs. For the typewriting part being separate from the casting, the author can write on the machine and send over the perforated rolls to the office to be put into the machines. He has infinite choice of type, and can have proofs *ad infinitum*.

The machine has been rigorously tested by many practical men, who are unanimous as to its speed, efficiency, and the quality of work it produces. The economy that it effects is obvious. One engineer can attend to ten machines, each working as fast as three compositors, and



THE KEYBOARD OF THE MACHINE.

Photo by Hyatt, Russell Street, W.

much of the typewriting work will probably be done by the authors, and even without this the saving is enormous. Storage-room for stereotypes will become needless, seeing that the rolls of paper can be stored instead. Speed, of course, is gained enormously; and speed means money.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



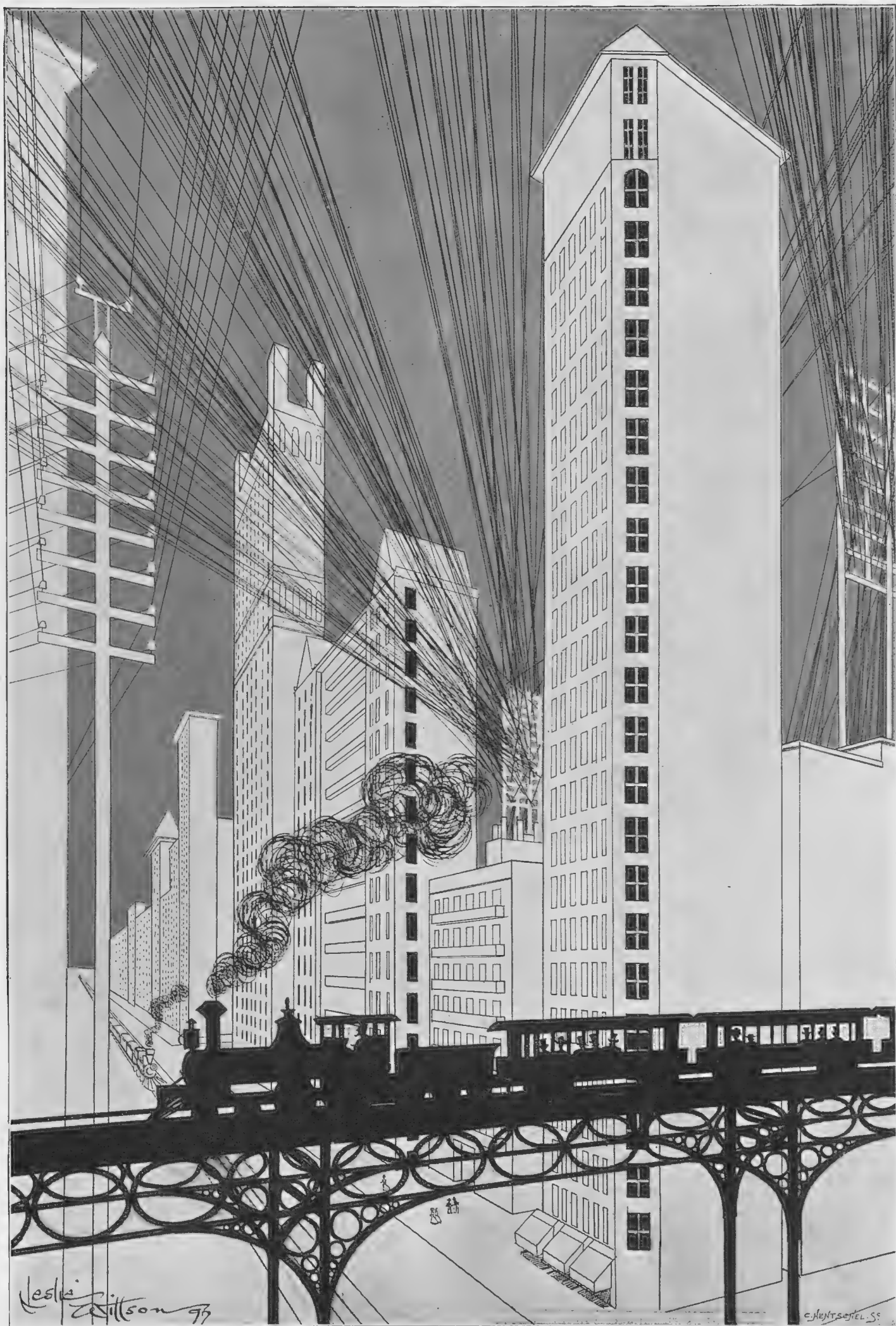
A STUDY OF A PARIS STUDENT.





ONE VIEW OF THE JUBILEE PRESENTS.

"Well, and wot's the Queen going to do with all them jewels and things as was give to 'er?"  
 "She can't wear 'em all. We'd know wot to do with 'em, Bill, if it was only that tarara of diamonds wot she got."



THINGS I HAVE NOT SEEN: CHICAGO.



## THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

## AN AMERICAN ON AFRICA.\*

Publisher and author alike merit our thanks for this interesting book. It throws fresh light on the social and political problems of the Dark Continent—at least, on that part of it which has most attraction for Britishers. For “White Man’s Africa,” reckoned in terms of square



TRAVELLING IN THE ORANGE FREE STATE.  
From “White Man’s Africa.”

miles, is but a small portion of the whole, stretching only for a thousand miles or so from the Cape of Good Hope north-eastwards along the Indian Ocean. But it is the section in which the pale-faces have founded self-governing communities, since further north are fever-breeding swamps and white men’s graves. The ignorance which Mr. Bigelow pleaded in hesitation as to accepting his enterprising publishers’ commission to visit South Africa and “write his impressions” had perfect compensation in the open mind which he brought to the consideration of burning questions, and in the knowledge how elsewhere, notably in America, like difficulties had been solved. These obstacles were in the way of solution between Boer and Britisher until Jameson’s Raid wrought its arresting mischief. But we may dismiss further reference to a crime and a blunder, the perpetrators of which, in the words of one of their number, were “pirates and richly deserved hanging.” For Mr. Bigelow’s book is written on constructive lines. And therein lies its chief value. He sees at work a number of tendencies towards the cohesion of Britisher, Boer, and Afrikaner, in one federated State of South Africa. And it is the Afrikaner, the man of English or Dutch descent, to whom his birthland is his fatherland, who will supply the cement. If the leader in this movement be sought, Mr. Bigelow finds him in Marthinus Steyn, the President of the Orange Free State. Of both Steyn and Kruger, men with less, rather than more, in common, we have portraits in letterpress taken from the life. Oom Paul seems, after a brief hesitation, to have been very communicative to Mr. Bigelow, notably about his early years. The theatrical official sash has displaced the cartridge-belt; the stove-pipe and frock-coat have superseded sombrero and collarless shirt; but the old Adam remains. Kruger warmed to his theme as he told how he shot his first big game at seven, his first lion at eleven; and how, at thirteen, he was fighting for his country. His feats of strength and skill were astounding; so clever an acrobat was he that he could stand on his head in the saddle while his horse went at full gallop. Illiterate, shrewd, a man of one book, but that book the Bible, he has found in its gruesome narratives of wholesale slaughter of heathen folk by the “chosen people” the

warrant of rough treatment of the accursed sons of Ham. He is, in Mr. Bigelow’s words, “a magnificent anachronism.”

Save that both men are six feet tall and of herculean strength, President Steyn stands in striking contrast to Oom Paul, because a liberal education has freed him from the limitations of the Boer President. Six years’ study and practice of law in England and Holland, and breathing therewith the air of liberty and progress, are among the qualifications whereby Marthinus Steyn will play no small part in the shaping of the future of South Africa. Meantime, England is doing her work bunglingly, but beneficently. She is teaching the Boer that “force is no remedy” in ruling the blacks. For example, in Basutoland Mr. Lagden is governing a quarter of a million natives with the help of half-a-dozen English magistrates, and with never a redcoat nor white policeman. In a region where there are no drink-shops, newspapers, pianos, or other modern “plagues” (the noun is Mr. Bigelow’s), and neither patricians nor paupers, the bloodiest quarrels are settled by Mr. Lagden with the aid of two colleagues and a walking-stick. For “every chief in Basutoland is brought up in the faith that there is far away a White Queen” swift to reward or to punish. Mr. Bigelow gives a graphic account of their whilom “king” Moshesh, mighty warrior, whose grave on the summit of his mountain-fastness, Taba-Basio, has become a shrine of Bantu or native devil-worship, albeit he died, nominally, a Christian. As for any possible mixture between blacks and whites, Mr. Bigelow can only cite further evidence against it. No one knows the country and its coloured peoples, immigrants from Java and India as well as aboriginal, so well as Mr. Theal, and he declares it to be “a disastrous mistake for people in England to act as though black and white folk can ever mix. The two races cannot intermarry without harm to one or both.” And more, in detail, to prove this, which space-limits exclude. Not from Mr. Theal, folklorist though he be, but from native lips, Mr. Bigelow has taken down a brace of stories, in one of which, as we expect in the home of the beast-fable, Brer Rabbit plays his familiar part of befooling other animals, from nimble antelope to dull-witted hippopotamus. In this,



BRINGING THE RAIDERS TO JOHANNESBURG.  
From “White Man’s Africa.”

as in indirect references to manners and customs; to the old condition of chronic warfare which determined the rise and fall of savage “dynasties”; to the relative merits of European Powers as rulers, and the consequent fate of the ruled; it may be said that little has escaped Mr. Bigelow.

EDWARD CLODD.

\* “White Man’s Africa.” By Foultney Bigelow. Illustrated by R. Caton Woodville and from Photographs by the Author. London: Harper and Brothers.

## A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

*"We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."*

In Paris, a few nights ago, I escaped from the October chill of the boulevard to an agreeable corner in the Restaurant Maire. The *maitre d'hôtel*—wondrous being with a genial smile, suggestive of caressing sauces, and with those spreading whiskers which represent stability in this city of change—cooked for me the *canard à la presse*, thus nominated, not, as the vulgar might suppose, as a satire upon the noble calling of the journalist, but on account of the press in which the body of the succulent bird is immured and squeezed till the gravy gushes from a spout before your eyes. This toothsome spectacle lifted from my soul the cloud that had settled there during the Channel passage, and had not entirely yielded even to the somnolent comfort of the corridor-train in which the depressed voyager is persuasively whirled from Calais to Paris. (My compliments to the Northern Railway of France on the excellence of this service!) The waiters at Maire's thronged around my bird with that reverence which the Paris waiter always shows towards the *créations de la maison*. A small acolyte disturbed the ceremony by seizing the dish, and presenting it to me with a genuflection. As this rite had been performed already, his excess of zeal was rebuked in an indignant whisper—*Que faites vous là, petit?* Upon these proceedings a Napoleon of gastronomy, marching to and fro with his hands clasping a serviette behind his back, cast troubled glances, as if he were cogitating some new *création*, and feared that it would never compare with the *canard*.

The vogue of the *zigane* has not begun to moulit in Paris. As the evening wore on, a troop of these swarthy musicians discoursed frail melodies to a placid audience. The leader of the band writhed with the musical ecstasy of his race, curving his back on the undulating swell of melody, and seeming to resist with difficulty the temptation to squat on the floor and bow the violin with his toes. But the gaiety of the crowd was mild, and even domestic. Two old gentlemen beat time by nodding gravely at each other; a young man with an extravagant eyeglass gazed steadily into futurity; a lady, who had clapped her hands over something specially pleasing in the *menu*, composed her features, which looked like a scheme of decoration, to the severity of enamel, while the gallant at her side, with a face designed for the utmost latitude of smiling, struggled manfully to assume the pale cast of thought. Such a scene, I reflected, was destructive of the prejudice that the Parisians are always frivolous; and I, the giddy cyclist, on my way to Touraine with a bicycle, felt myself an enemy of repose, a prophet of violent delights, amidst this tranquil company at Maire's!

France is the paradise of the cyclist. When you enter the *douane* at Paris, you find it is taken for granted by the polite officials that you are not smuggling your bicycle into the country for the purpose of exchange or barter. The ticket of the Cyclists' Touring Club is a passport which commands instant respect. Present yourself with the proper credentials at No. 5, Rue Coq Héron, and the courteous secretary of the Touring Club of France will make you a member on the spot, decorate you with a handsome badge, and furnish you with the *annuaire*, a pleasant little volume of the hotel economics in every town. I booked my bicycle from Paris to Orléans for the sum of one halfpenny, a charge which should be pondered by English railway directors. Would their shareholders starve if they were to treat cyclists with the same liberality? French railway companies cannot be accused of stupid neglect of their own interests, and yet it is worth their while to carry bicycles almost for nothing! This suggests that there must be something wrong with our boasted commercial instinct. Why make it cheaper to cycle in France than in England? But this question raises considerations which affect hotel-keepers as well as railway companies; and it were a hopeless task to make the British hotel-keeper appreciate the reasons why so many people prefer to take their holiday abroad.

When you mount your bicycle at Orléans (which even the memory of Jeanne d'Arc, the one faultless genius in history, does not redeem from dulness), you will want words very soon to extol what may fitly be called the administrative grace of the French people. Touraine is a vast plain; but plains do not make good roads, and here is a road for thirty-six miles to Blois which could scarcely be smoother if it were made of billiard-tables. For two-thirds of the distance it is an avenue of trees, though the country is very scantily wooded. Imagine a County Council in England planting trees along twenty-five miles of highway! Imagine an English high-road with so few loose stones that you might almost keep count of them in a day's journey! Bicycles are still marvels to the French peasant and terrors to his donkey. Often, as

I approached a cart, the driver would stop and endeavour to direct the attention of his docile beast to a distant point of the landscape. Old women, bent double under their burdens, lifted strange, questioning eyes, as if wondering why *le bon Dieu* permitted such swiftness to the stranger who had not to toil in the fields for his daily bread. The whole aspect of the country recalls Millet's pictures of the peasantry, dotted over a wide and flat expanse of land under a dim sun, laboriously gleaning a subsistence in the midst of illimitable silence.

The spell of this stillness was broken for me by a curious little incident. I have a sentimental weakness for distributing small coins among strange children. A group of little boys and girls, on their way home from morning school, with brown skins and bright black eyes, made me dismount to offer my largesse. The phenomenon of a stranger descending from a bicycle and endowing each of them with a penny astounded these infants, but their manners were equal to the emergency. A princess receiving a loyal address from a mayor and corporation could not have shown a more gracious dignity than one shy little maid, though one hand was incommoded by a basket, and the other had just withdrawn a bottle of very sticky syrup from her tiny mouth. Just at that moment the scene was greeted with an approving roar from a huge peasant in a field hard by, who came leaping into the road, beaming with satisfaction. It seemed to afford him infinite comfort that the children had a penny each to buy *chocolaté*. Had I come from Orléans that morning? Surely that was slow work for *cette voiture-là!* What! I did not start till past twelve? And I called that the morning! Ha! ha! I might have told him the story of the Scotch gardener who explained his late appearance at work by stating that he was "no rash at rising." But I have no doubt that the stranger who stopped to scatter pennies among the children, and called twelve o'clock the morning, will be the theme of jocular gossip for a week or two on the banks of the Loire.

I grieve to say that my knowledge of the Châteaux of Touraine has hitherto been derived chiefly from Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques" and Gustave Doré's illustrations. I can still see a gallant company issuing from a frowning castle. A lovely lady, with a tall conical cap, rides a palfrey, attended by an ugly old seneschal—her husband, of course—while a lusty cavalier to whom she addresses fair speechless messages out of the corner of her eye is within easy distance. The story of these personages would bring a blush to the cheek of the young person who assiduously reads this page; so would the tale of the seneschal and his spouse when they happened to make the acquaintance of François Premier. Here in quaint old Blois I have had the unprepossessing profile of that monarch before my eyes for two days. His heraldic salamander sits on its tail, swallowing flames, in every shop-window. The dining-room of the Hôtel de Blois, where I dine sumptuously for three shillings, is rich in decorative emblems of departed majesty, including the porcupine of Louis XII., whose pious resignation (concerning which there is an anecdote which, I trust, the young person will never hear) is somewhat incongruously typified by that prickly beast. In the dingy and gloomy castle of Blois, which I had the honour of inspecting in the company of a detachment of French soldiers, stunted and unwashed, the salamander, grown to the size of a large dog, is the only cheerful object. The guide shows you with melancholy relish the cupboards where Catherine de Medici kept her poisons, and the hideous passages in which was enacted the assassination of the Duc de Guise. Having no mind for these horrors, I find myself drawn to François and his salamander, for, although they had their little weaknesses, they did not dote on murder, nor on the theology which usually prompted it.

If you wish to avoid offence to the local historians, you must not mix your castles. At Chambord, which is a splendid monument, I had the misfortune to ask in what room Guise was murdered, and was met with the freezing response, "We have had no assassinations *here!*" Some visitors are not sensitive. The hall in which Molière played the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme" before Louis XIV. is overlooked by a staircase where the King had his *loge*. "How did they keep off the draught?" asked an old gentleman with great concern, forgetting that in those days draughts did not presume to annoy royal patrons of the arts. Chambord is a delightful memory, enriched by the ride along the river; but after my visit to the Château de Blois, when I was lighted to bed by Fifi, the little negro boy who makes mirth and mischief in my hotel, I thought he was a fiend sent by the Medici!

## NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.



## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The most interesting item in the journalistic world during the last week or so has undoubtedly been Mr. Labouchere's lengthy and somewhat tardy "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ." One cannot, indeed, congratulate the proprietor of *Truth* upon having enriched English literature with a treasure such as the delightful volume in which Cardinal Newman, with pathetic sincerity, has set forth the mental processes by which neither he nor anyone else could possibly have been led to a change of religion. Mr. Labouchere's work is like himself; it is impossible to associate either for a moment with the notion of immortality. But all self-revelation has its own piquancy, and Mr. Labouchere's confessions give entertaining glimpses into the inner workings of a very interesting character.

The first and most obvious comment on the general structure of the somewhat laboured defence is, "If any one of the impostors unmasked in *Truth* were to try to vindicate himself in this style, how mercilessly *Truth* would cut him up!" First, we are prepared to have the compromising letters, adduced by the assailant, denounced as forgeries due to a dismissed underling. But no; the defender slides away from the assertion, and goes on to argue that it is unlikely that the letters can be his, for he never had a partner, and the person to whom they were addressed is apparently in partnership with the writer of them. Very good; then the letters are forgeries, or, if genuine, garbled and twisted to a meaning they do not bear. But it appears that this is not the defence either. Mr. Labouchere may have written the letters; and, in fact (as he now recollects), rather thinks he *did* write them. He knows so much about them that he is able to name the person to whom they were written—a name suppressed in the published facsimile; and he explains that he was not in partnership with another unscrupulous City man to delude the public and make money out of them—no, he was merely pretending to be in a sort of partnership with the unscrupulous City man in order to delude *him* and make money out of him. With this intention, he gave his rival confidential and wholly or partly imaginary information, which, he regretfully assures his readers, that rival was too sharp to believe. Dear heaven! as the guileless Teuton would say, what is that for a defence?

Then, after making this tortuous explanation, the elect of Northampton turns on the tap of sovereign scorn and lofty silence. But silent contempt comes oddly after a defence of twenty-one columns. Mr. Labouchere, like the great leader whom he once used to disobey, had three courses open to him: to bring an action, and thrash the matter out in court; to answer the charges in detail in a newspaper controversy, meeting proof with proof; or lastly, to refuse to discuss the charges against him and fall back on his own reputation as a sufficient answer. He has chosen none of these courses. He declares beforehand that he will not bring an action—which is a most unnecessary admission; he answers the charges in a vague and cursory manner, not even opposing definite assertion to definite assertion, and, having been "drawn" once, he declines to be "drawn" again. And on this error in strategy he accumulates errors in tactics.

The affectation of utter ignorance as to his assailant's identity and position lays him open to the crushing and obvious retort that in that case he does not read his own paper, whose writers are sufficiently well acquainted with both. The affectation of scorn for a journalist engaged in making a position for his paper suggests the query whether similar contempt was not expressed for another enterprising journalist in the early days of *Truth*. It takes time to acquire the reputation of a Labouchere. *Nemo repente fuit*—or is it *fit*?

That this attack, whether successful or repulsed, will greatly alter the general estimate of the owner of *Truth* is hardly to be expected. He was a City man in his earlier days; and the actions charged against him are, unfortunately, common enough among those who deal with stocks and shares. The delusive letters written to a business rival are no serious offence against the code of morality in force among company-promoters. So far, then, Mr. Labouchere could fairly answer—as he does—that it is unfair to rake up against a man any possibly shady, but, in any case, forgotten and obscure, transactions in which he was concerned twenty or thirty years ago. He could treat the charges—as he characteristically puts it—as if they were scandal concerning the reputation of his grandmother. There *are* people, it may be said in passing, to whom the honour of their grandmothers is a matter of interest; but that is, of course, an aristocratic prejudice unworthy of the attention of an intelligent man.

But when the retired City man has become the slashing reformer, assailing financiers weekly for doing, or being supposed to do, much the same sort of thing that he thinks it more than possible he once did himself—then the case is altered. Mr. Hess has simply applied the methods of *Truth* to the proprietor of *Truth*. The weekly recurring attack, the rather "nagging" style of comment, the circumstantial details, the facsimiles of letters—all are Mr. Labouchere's own devices. He can see his own feathers on the arrows of his enemy. And he, very naturally, does not like it.

But the fundamental mistake of Mr. Labouchere's latter life has been his fatal craving for being taken seriously. When one reads his *Apologia* one ejaculates mentally, "Good heavens! and the man who wrote this regarded himself as a possible Cabinet Minister! The author of these confessions says that he is solicitous about the honour of his country! The rival or partner of the late Mr. Beer declares that he believes in the present Mr. Kruger! It won't do—it really will not." It is easy to see how the mistake arose. Radicals, themselves earnest and solemn, followed the lead of Mr. Labouchere, and thought that he was altogether such an one as themselves. They could not realise that what to them was the ideal of a lifetime might be to him the practical joke of a moment. They knew of his undoubted public services in denouncing small swindlers, sharks, and impostors; they hailed his girding at little local abuses as a proof that he shared their own parochial zeal. So they, or some of them, took him for a guide, philosopher, and political leader.

But it was a mistake. The repression of the minor vermin, useful and meritorious as it may be, is *not* the best training for public honours. Municipal archives, I believe, do not chronicle a single instance in which the town rat-catcher made a successful Lord Mayor. MARMITON.

## THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL.

The Musical Festival of Birmingham has not been altogether, for a variety of reasons, an unqualified artistic success; but so much has been done, and done well, that there is a weighty balance in favour of the achievement accomplished by the forces which were gathered together last week in the Midland town under the bâton of Herr Richter. First, as to the novelties. Of these the most important was undoubtedly Professor Stanford's "Requiem," a work which, so far as it is to be regarded absolutely and without reference to its verbal intention, distinctly adds to the reputation of the composer. It is in parts beautifully orchestrated, and the melody of the "Benedictus" and "Agnus Dei" is finer than any that another English composer now living, with the sole exception of Sir Arthur Sullivan, could have written. Of course, one must necessarily separate Sullivan's really vital work from purely academic composition. The unfortunate fact about Stanford's "Requiem" is just this—that, though it is a finely constructed work, it is not a genuine "Requiem." He has read his libretto (the word may pass), and, as far as may be, has entered into the idea of the thing from the professional point of view; but, as it happens that other great composers, in the very fibres of whose being the spirit of the "Requiem" has dwelt, have written musical settings of the Roman Catholic "Missa Pro Defunctis," they have set up a standard of excellence which, by reason of its intimate inspiration, turns the new work into a somewhat cold *tour de force*. Mr. Edward German's "Hamlet," a symphonic tone-poem composed for the Festival, does not by any means represent, as has been suggested, the high-water mark of this admirable young composer's artistic accomplishment; his incidental music, for example, both to "The Tempter" and to "Henry VIII.," is far more personal and original. "Hamlet" is an ambitious composition, which recalls at times such models as "Tristan," the great Sixth Tchaikowsky Symphony, and others, in a way that makes one refer back too insistently to the models rather than to the very clever composition under consideration. Mr. German is too good an artist to ask for such references.

As to the greater works which were performed, Herr Richter's most conspicuous failure was "The Messiah," his most conspicuous success the Tchaikowsky (Pathétique) Symphony. He has, as it appears, no excess of sympathy—a defect which he shares with Berlioz—with the splendid creator of "The Messiah." The *tempi* were at times ridiculously slow, and the whole work dragged almost painfully. Miss Marie Brema, again, who is no singer of oratorio (although in music-drama she proved herself once more a really great artist by her singing of Brünnhilde's part in the third act of "Die Walküre"), added to the gloom of the occasion. On the other hand, nothing more emotional and overwhelming could be imagined than the Tchaikowsky Symphony, which was played with a splendid sentiment and a noble accuracy that, in the result, simply carried one away; the emotion at times was, to the hearer, almost desperate. The G Minor Symphony of Mozart, which was played on the Thursday evening, and formed a strange contrast indeed to this hopeless expression of utter despair in music, was beautifully given by a band which Richter had, in the course of the week, wrought into a magnificent pitch of meritoriousness. All the orchestral work was, in fact, of a piece with this excellence. The chorus—save for the initial performance of "Elijah"—was not so good as one might have expected. In Schubert's Mass in E Flat, in Parry's "Job," and in Brahms' "Song of Destiny," the pitch was more than doubtful. This was really a pity, as much had been looked for from this famous choir. As to Mr. Fuller Maitland's edition of Purcell's "King Arthur," sung in part on the Wednesday evening, it would be the most charitable course to pass it over in silence. Madame Albani, be it said in conclusion, added to her laurels and to her popularity in the provinces by her excellent work, and Mr. Edward Lloyd; Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Andrew Black, Mr. David Bispham, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Ada Crossley, and Miss Hilda Foster—to name these among many excellent soloists—acquitted themselves admirably. V. B.

## SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up:—Wednesday, Oct. 20, 5.54; Thursday, 5.52; Friday, 5.50; Saturday, 5.49; Sunday, 5.47; Monday, 5.44; Tuesday, 5.42.



PARTICIPATION.

According to a contemporary, "Ever since cycling became a fashionable fad for females (I do like alliteration!) the hosiery industry has increased by leaps and bounds." One would hardly have thought this, but as the statement appears in print it must be true. A similar business, and one which has gone ahead very rapidly indeed of late, is that of hat-making for lady cyclists. Only last week I overtook the famous Madame de Cram on her way back from Paris to Belgravia, and I escorted her as far as her house in Chester Square. She told me the demand for smart cycling-hats was increasing daily, and, although I know more about high-gear than

head-gear, even my eye was attracted by Madame de Cram's "divine little cycling creations," as I have heard somebody's wife call them.

offence. It is immaterial at what hour of the night the traveller arrives at an inn, the landlord must admit him, if he behaves himself properly. Nor does it matter that the would-be guest arrives on Sunday. The innkeeper has no right to demand his name and address, and, unless he asks to be paid in advance, it is doubtful whether he can justify a refusal to receive him on the ground that the traveller did not first tender the price of his lodging, &c.

I understand that there is a proposal under consideration to stop all bicycle traffic in the City between the hours of nine a.m. and six p.m., on account of the crowded state of the thoroughfares and the consequent dangers. The imposition of restrictions must always be a sore point, and, without doubt, such an edict will raise an outcry from the cycling fraternity. A very sensible letter was published in the *Morning Post* a short time ago, suggesting that if the City were closed to the cyclist the Parks might be opened; and, what struck me as an excellent suggestion, that one of the centre roads from Buckingham Gate to Marlborough House should be allotted for the use of cyclists. The writer also commented upon the frequent stoppage of traffic



FELICITATION.



DESOLATION.

A curious case has lately come under my notice. It seems that two ladies wearing the "rational" costume and touring on bicycles applied for accommodation at "an antient hostlerie lying and being situate" in a spot far from the madding crowd. Imagine their dismay when a flaming-faced female pounced forth from an inner chamber, crying in a loud but reedy voice that "*she* wouldn't 'ave none of these 'ere noo womenfolk in their immodest costumes not sleeping under her roof no how!" So alarmed were the "noo womenfolk" at the sight of the offensive woman that they then and there remounted their bicycles and rode on. For the benefit of all whom it may concern, let me mention that the landlady's act was an illegal one. Also, I may add that, besides being guilty of an offence, a landlord or landlady who capriciously refuses to receive a guest renders himself or herself liable to an action for damages if any injury be sustained by the said traveller owing to the said traveller having been refused accommodation.

The subject of inns and innkeepers being one necessarily of interest to cyclists, I quote the following passage from a trustworthy manual upon cycling law—

There is authority (says the writer), dating from Edward IV.'s reign, to the effect that an innkeeper may be compelled to receive a traveller as his guest. If he has room in his house, and the traveller tenders a reasonable sum for his accommodation, and he yet refuse to take him in, he is guilty of an indictable



CONSOLATION.

consequent upon omnibuses stopping to pick up passengers, and advocated a system of fixed stopping-places for these cumbrous vehicles, which would materially assist the flow of traffic and prove a boon to the public, for every cyclist knows the inconvenience caused by the sudden stoppage of a 'bus he may have been following, which has frequently necessitated his alighting from his machine.



SEPARATION.

I think that in a plain tailor-made costume, made expressly for cycling, a single-breasted coat is decidedly smarter than one made double-breasted. They are certainly more easily opened and closed, and when worn open show off the waistcoat or shirt worn underneath to more advantage. Lately I saw two very *chic* costumes made in this way. One was of homespun of brown mixture, with a broken check of blue and red running faintly through it; with this was worn a light-coloured shirt, with a pretty, bright tie of fancy tartan. The hat worn with this costume was certainly very becoming to the wearer: it was coarse brown straw trimmed with a lovely shade of blue velvet and a bunch of soft brown feathers and quills. The other dress was of dark-grey tweed, the coat having a black velvet collar; the scarlet waistcoat, with white spots, was very effective; a neat little tie of black and white striped silk added to the effect. The grey felt hat was trimmed with black and white ribbon and white wings.

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL: A ROMANCE OF THE ROAD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PERCY COLLES.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

The Cambridgeshire will, I take it, be one of the best handicap races of the season. Many of the best horses engaged will go to the post, and the winner should take some finding. All connected with C. Waugh's stable are impressed with the chance of Yorker, but he is an unreliable horse who will not do his best in public. Balsamo has good book form to recommend him, if we discard his running in the Royal Hunt Cup. Some of the Newmarket men of observation assert that if Gulistan goes to the post he will start at 2 to 1 and win easily, but I like Birch Rod, who looks and goes very well just now.

When C. Wood returned to the saddle, many of the knowing ones said, "Oh, he is too old to ride winners now. He must have lost his nerve." As a matter of fact, he, in my opinion, is just now riding much better than he ever did in his life, which reminds me that when he was

horseflesh. "Mr. Jersey" gave, I think, over a thousand guineas for Cyanide, an animal which has yet to win a race, and which has not shone to any extent in the races in which she has run. Judged simply by stakes won, Mr. Cresswell's costly purchase, Girvington, has not turned out a success, although there is little doubt but that all the money spent in the buying was got back by the big plunge when the colt beat Bogles Brae in a selling race.

We are rapidly approaching the period of the racing season when big fields and long prices are the rule. In the early spring also this feature is to be remarked, so that the opening and the close are marked by the same characteristics. In the young part of the season the race generally goes to the fittest, but towards the end this is not the case. Rather is it the horse that has been readied, and often the one that is lucky in getting away in front of an unwieldy field. I once heard a backer say he only wanted to back one winner at Derby to get out. This remark will apply to more than one meeting during the month of



CYCLING IN HYDE PARK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THIELE AND CO., CHANCERY LANE.

resting, he, in answer to a query of mine as to his nerve and fitness, replied, "Just let me get the ticket, and I will show you then I can ride as well as ever." Wood has always studied his health. He goes to bed early, and does not indulge in stimulants.

Last Wednesday was the birthday of two racehorse owners of the most antagonistic type. No comparison is possible between the methods of the Duke of Westminster and Mrs. Langtry, the couple referred to. The horses of the former go to the post unbacked by their owner, even when they are racing certainties; but Mrs. Langtry would sooner go without her dinner than miss a good chance. Up till a few years ago the Duke of Westminster favoured weight-for-age races rather than handicaps; but during the last few seasons his colours have been carried frequently in the latter class of race. On the other hand, Mrs. Langtry's colours are seldom borne in the classic races, but are frequently seen in handicaps of all sorts and selling races. They both have their own methods, and both their measures of success.

Some of the costly purchases in the yearling line in 1896 have not yet been justified by results. First and foremost, of course, comes Dunlop, who has yet to see a racecourse, and who has not shown to great advantage in home gallops. Time may prove me wrong, but I look upon the sale of Dunlop as the best deal the Prince of Wales ever made in

November. As a rule, it is a bad month for backers, but, be it good or bad this year, punters, on the whole, have had the best of the 1897 deal.

The Rowley Mile stand at Newmarket is sufficiently large for ordinary race-days; when, however, big handicaps are down for decision, the accommodation is far from adequate, and it is certainly not right to charge persons thirty shillings per day and then not even provide them with standing-room in Tattersall's Enclosure. The telegraphic arrangements, too, are crude in the extreme, and the time has arrived to build a telegraph-office equal to the requirements of the place. I believe a move is being made in this direction, and I hope to hear that a new building has been completed before next season. It is annoying to the Post Office authorities to be blamed for a fault which is not of their own seeking.

I much regret to learn that M. Robert Lebaudy is about to retire from the Turf altogether. His English stud has been ably managed by the Hon. C. M. Howard, and it must be admitted that M. Lebaudy has been a liberal subscriber to the fund. M. J. Lebaudy will, I believe, continue to race in this country, and he is likely to be often seen in the saddle in Hunters' Flat-Races during the coming winter. I also hear that young Mr. Vanderbilt, who has a large stud in France, is very likely to run some horses in England next year.

CAPTAIN COE.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## THE DIARY OF A DAUGHTER OF EVE.

*Monday: A letter from Julia, who continues in Paris.*

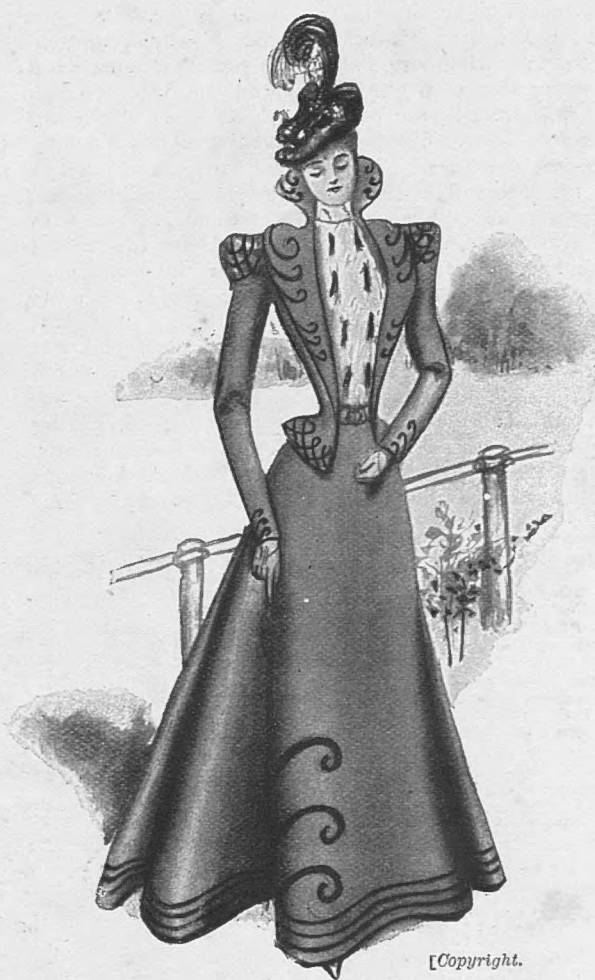
"DEAREST,—Considering the number of my faults which were unduly chronicled in your old volume, I should be glad if you would wire to me that you have burnt it, so that at least my favourite follies may not be handed down to my grandchildren as convincing proofs of my unworthiness or—of your want of veracity.

"Paris is delightful—I have quite made up my mind to libel somebody and be compelled to remain here for the rest of my natural life. I speak French so remarkably that the dressmaker I employ copied the

attractive if not new. Smoke-pearl buttons with diamonds in the centre I bought, and I admired at the same time gold studs with a single jewel set carelessly at the corner. A lovely watch, which had the honour of obtaining some of my admiration, was of bright-green enamel covered with a tracery of diamonds in the shape of a fleur-de-lys, and there was a rope of pearls on the counter which would have induced any less virtuous woman to the vice of envy. Twenty-four rows of small pearls of the most beautiful were fastened at either end to form a tassel through a knot of diamonds and rubies. I must write to Julia not to worry herself about the diamond wings for the hair, for hair-ornaments are under all conditions at Mappin and Webb's, the Star of Bethlehem being a becoming design, and aigrettes of every description obtaining.



BLACK EVENING-GOWN AT JAMES SHOOLBRED'S.



A BLUE CLOTH, TRIMMED BLACK SATIN STRAPPINGS,  
WITH ERMINE WAISTCOAT.

wrong model for me in a different colour to the one I had selected, and, out of self-respect, of course, I dare not find fault with her.

"I wandered into your favourite Palais de Glace the other day, to see a number of horrid-looking women smothered in pearls and diamonds, with large rings on their fingers and large hats with enormous ostrich-feathers on their heads. Everybody wears ostrich-feathers, but the best "everybodies" wear toques of gathered velvet.

"It seems inevitable that you dress your hair with a diamond brooch at the back in the shape of wings, and I went seeking for the like to bring home to you as a graceful offering at your shrine, but could discover nothing under eighty thousand francs worthy of your acceptance, therefore I refrained."

(*My reflections by the way.*) Julia need not have gone to Paris to buy diamond wings for the hair—I saw some, of most superior detail, at Mappin and Webb's, 158, Oxford Street. Here they have, but comparatively recently, added jewellery to their other attractions, and when I met those wings I was seeking links to wear in my silk shirts. As a rule, it is a difficult matter to find a pretty pair of links; but Mappin and Webb's have several good designs. Those of enamel are

But let me get on with my quotation from Julia's letter. How I do wander! and Paris fashions are most important.

"... I comforted myself in the Rue de la Paix with purchasing for you some cravats in crêpe-de-Chine, with insertions of Valenciennes in Louis Quinze knots. These are to be worn with a linen collar beneath a collar of crêpe, and the cravat passes twice round the throat, to tie in the front in a bow. The effect is very pretty, especially when worn with a chemisette beneath an open blouse. You have to select a special sort of blouse to wear with this, somewhat of the sailor shape; but you shall have it, dear. Don't worry yourself. I will deny you nothing that is fairly cheap. And now I must go out to my bicycling. It is a positive joy to bicycle here; but I detest the motor-cars and the motor-cycle, and the Magasin de Louvre seemeth unto me but another Whiteley's. There is a bodice, in Paris, of orange velvet embroidered in white kid desirous of sharing my income with a toque of pale-blue beaver trimmed with shaded quills and a diamond brooch. The simplest little toque here costs some six pounds, but I shall not come home till I am ruined, and, even then, shall be—Yours merrily,

"JULIA."



*Wednesday.*—I have been spending the morning talking to a little love-sick girl of some eighteen summers, who is to wed the man of her choice in two months' time. She does not want to spend any money, and she wants plenty of clothes of the most fascinating detail, and where is she to get them? This is the upshot of her conversation, interlarded with delightful little allusions to the charms of the only "he" in the world, and the joys of her cottage in the country. I personally conducted that dear little girl over to Shoobred's, in Tottenham Court Road, where I persuaded her, without much trouble, for the clothes themselves were sufficiently persuasive, into the purchase of a coat and skirt for three and a-half guineas, with the coat lined with silk, a bicycling-costume for two and a-half guineas, and a black satin evening-dress, whose picture I insisted upon having reproduced in this more or less sacred diary. It is a capital black dress, and the skirt will lend itself to completion with bodices of a dozen different details. The one we chose to-day, though, was one mass of glittering jet, with the *décolletage* edged with scarves of soft satin and chiffon, the skirt itself being made of satin, with the hem trimmed with a double ruching much piped and tucked. It is the sort of gown that will wear for years, and always be capable of assuming the stamp of the latest fashion. And then I regaled my little companion on an excellent lunch up in the refreshment-room at Tottenham House, where you really can get something to eat worthy of the name, and unaccompanied by the distressing odour frequently to be met at the refreshment-room which is not built in a restaurant proper. Shoobred's lunch was quite good, and quite cheap, and all the way home in the cab I listened to that dear little girl prattling of the adorable "he," and the no less adorable house. I have promised to take her out again next week and buy her many hats and blouses. It is really quite a good experience for me to go shopping under economical circumstances, and I found to-day many charms in gowns which did not run into two figures. I hope that this won't be the commencement of my wandering from the road to ruinous clothes. Virginia repentant would be Virginia ridiculous!

I have advised my little friend to write to the London Glove Company, 45A, Cheapside, and supply herself, under their auspices, with such necessities as gloves and hosiery. They have some capital kid gloves of four-button length, with white points down the back, at a price of 3s. 3d., and some woollen driving or cycling gloves, with tan leather palms, knitted in black or heather mixtures, at 2s. 11d. a pair, and these gloves are extremely comfortable for cycling. Very good, too, are their deer-skin gloves, lined with silk, at 3s. 11d., in four-button length. Some black alpaca knickerbockers for 5s. 10d. a pair are wonderful bargains, and I have a pleasing recollection of having purchased some stockings from here of black silk, with coloured fronts, at a price of 9s. 10d. My little friend should buy her wedding stockings here, in white. I note some like these of mine are to be bought, and for



[Copyright.]

DARK-RED VELVET TOQUE WITH BLACK AND WHITE FEATHERS.

high-days and holidays she should give herself some pure black silk stockings, with white feet, that cost 13s. 10d., and are a joy to the wearer.

We arrived home just in time for tea, where my amiable cook had supplied us with hot scones, and made us dream that winter was upon us—a fact I also realised by the sight of tickets for Hengler's Skating-Rink lying on the hall table. This rink opened last Friday, and, up to date, I have not been. Was I ever so neglectful of my best amusements?—and skating on thin ice is such a pleasure to any woman worthy of the name.

#### TO MY CORRESPONDENTS.

*IREBY.*—The best of the black dresses for evening wear are all made of jetted net; but these, I am afraid, will go under the category of "ruinous," and, as you say I am to avoid this, I will recommend you to have a gown of satin—a heavy soft make of satin of double width I should choose if I were you, for this

will cut the new skirt, which is particularly elegant, with a seam on either hip. You could have the bodice also of satin, a narrow belt of jet, and chemisette and sleeves of much gathered and tucked white tulle.

*REGINA.*—Send your coat to the Grafton Fur Company, 164, New Bond Street, and they will turn it for you into a little sac to the waist. The high collar could be contrived from the pieces they take off the basque. The sacs are best made



[Copyright.]

WEDGWOOD-BLUE HAT WITH BLUE FEATHERS.

single-breasted, and an effective way of finishing them off at the neck is, of course, with a lining of sable to the collar and a few sable tails. If you do not care to go to that expense, have the collar lined with ermine and the coat lined throughout with white satin.

*VERA.*—It is very good of you to say you are pleased to meet me in *The Sketch*. In any case you may command my services. Those special belts I spoke of came from Paris, but you can get some lovely ones from Jay's, in Regent Circus, of grey suede with smoke-pearl buckles surrounded with steel. They are not cheap, but then, is anything really good ever cheap? Echo answers "No." Personally, I always go through life trying to avoid any excess of underclothing, and think you will be quite sufficiently clad if you wear combinations trimmed round the top, the sleeves, and at the knees with insertions and frills of Valenciennes lace threaded with coloured ribbons. The latest extravagance in flannel petticoats is made of Zenana, a silken material interwoven with wool, trimmed with lace flounces. These you will need, with a satin petticoat lined with nun's veiling and a pair of stays to match, and you will find them quite sufficient. Of course, when you skate, knickerbockers had best take the place of the flannel petticoat, and these should be of coloured silk to match the stays and silk petticoat. The best combinations I know are to be found at Edmonds, Orr, 47, Wigmore Street, where they trim them in a charming fashion.

*JANSEN.*—Take that coat to the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, and ask them whether it will alter into a Russian blouse. From your description, I am almost sure it will—at least, it would require but the smallest additions. You may trust implicitly to the International Fur Store; they cut their garments admirably well. It is very kind of you to say what you do; command me at all times.

VIRGINIA.

#### ONE WAY OF MARRIAGE.

"Where there's a will there's a way." The couple who found a way of getting married while one of them was in Holland and the other in the Transvaal must have willed with a vengeance. But the proverb was, no doubt, invented before the telegraph, for it was the telegraph in this instance that joined together those who were determined not to be kept asunder. Marriages have been solemnised under all sorts of strange circumstances and in all sorts of queer places, a balloon not excepted. But until the other day a marriage by telegraph had never been achieved. No doubt the telegraph-wires have often been the means of conveying proposals and refusals of marriage, but in the case in question they even tied the Hymeneal knot. This marriage by telegraph was arranged in the following manner. All the preparations were made with the greatest care. The bridegroom, accompanied by his best man, his friends, and the clergy, held himself in readiness in one of the rooms of the principal hotel in Pretoria. The bride, with her father, mother, and friends, did the same in Amsterdam, the two houses being joined by a special wire. The difference between the time at Pretoria and Amsterdam was minutely calculated, so that the parties might be ready exactly at the same moment. First of all, the bridegroom telegraphed that he was ready, and that the proceedings might commence. He at once received a reply that the bride was also ready, and then the formalities of the wedding were gone through without a hitch. At the conclusion, the two contracting parties telegraphed to one another that the marriage was effected. Then the party at Pretoria sat down to the wedding-breakfast, and, of course, the party at Amsterdam did the same. At the breakfast the usual toasts were drunk, and afterward the friends at Pretoria telegraphed their best wishes and congratulations to the bride, and the friends at Amsterdam sent a similar message to the bridegroom. Later in the day the parents and friends of the bride saw her off on board a steamer bound for South Africa, where she eventually joined her husband.



## CITY NOTES.

*The next Settlement begins on Oct. 26.*

## MONEY MARKET.

At their meeting on Thursday last, the Bank of England directors raised the minimum rate of discount from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent.—the figure at which it had stood since Sept. 23—to 3 per cent. This action having been anticipated by recent gold shipments and the rise in the Imperial Bank of Germany rate, no appreciable effect was noticeable in the Market beyond a certain amount of steadiness which was imported into it. The Bank Return discloses some substantial movements during the week. Thus coin and bullion has been reduced by as much as £1,199,080, chiefly arising from shipments abroad. Against this, however, there has been a contraction of £540,515 in the note circulation, so that the reserve is depleted only to the extent of £658,565, its proportion to liabilities being 43·71 per cent., against 43·56 per cent. in the previous week.

## HOME RAILS.

The rise in the Bank Rate had only a very temporary effect upon this market, and, in view of the substantial gains recorded in the last traffic returns, it is confidently anticipated that higher prices will rule, assuming, of course, that labour troubles do not enter upon a more acute stage. The feature of the market last week was the continued buoyancy of the Underground stocks, on the strength of rumours as to electric traction being adopted before very long. Some little strength was imported into Scotch issues by the announcement of an increase of £7259 in the traffic returns of the North British for the week.

## WESTRALIANS.

West Australian mines keep booming, and we do not think that the time has yet come for the inevitable reaction. We call it inevitable because we know the circumstances under which the boom has been created, and the conditions which regulate its existence. A number of institutions, among which we think we are not wrong in including Mr. Horatio Bottomley's Joint-Stock Institute and his Market Trust, have been taking stock in very freely, and thus fostering the upward movement on speculative account. Whoever may be directly responsible, we think there can be very little doubt that it is in the power of a very small group at the present juncture to move the market up or down at their own sweet will. It is not any information as to improved intrinsic merits that has made Westralians the feature of the day.

A report issued by the Department of Mines in Western Australia, bringing the figures up to the end of June last, contains a most striking diagram showing the annual exports of gold from Western Australia since 1886. It occupies a page of foolscap; the column for 1887 and 1888 is barely a quarter of an inch high; for the current year it extends from the bottom to the top of the page! Still more remarkable are the extraordinary jumps made within the past two years. Up to 1892 there had not been a year's export amounting to 10,000 ounces. The present exports are at the rate of well over 150,000 ounces.

## SIAMESE ELECTRICITY.

Electric lighting seems to be an important item in the progressive programme of the Siamese Government. We gather from a Consular report that in 1892 it took over from the Siam Electric Light Company all their electric-light plant, and afterwards the work was carried on by a Government department. This, however, having proved unsatisfactory, the plant has now been handed over to an American engineer out there, who has formed a syndicate of local merchants and others to carry on the lighting. The King's palace, some of the temples, the principal streets, and many houses are now lighted by electricity, and under the new and more energetic management it is thought the use of it will be greatly extended. The present capital of the syndicate is £6000, the shares being practically in the hands of American citizens and British subjects. It is probable, however, that the capital will be increased to four or five times its present amount, and the syndicate converted into a limited liability company, registered as British. We shall probably, therefore, hear more of this later on.

## THOMAS HORSFALL WATSON.

In our issue of Sept. 29 last we thought it our duty to comment on a concern calling itself the Australian Colonies Investment, Limited, for which a Mr. Thomas Horsfall Watson, aided by a Mr. Larchin, was by means of a semi-private circular inviting subscriptions, and we gave a list of eleven other companies over which this person presides, the united capitals of which total the very respectable sum of £875,000. What success has attended Mr. Watson's efforts in his latest venture, we do not know, but certain facts have come to our knowledge with regard to this man, which, in view of his present attempt at company-promotion, it is our duty to lay before the investing public.

Thomas Horsfall Watson, who thinks it (as he says) unnecessary to dwell at length "on the success of the syndicates" started at Broad Street Avenue, and over which he presides, is an undischarged

bankrupt who was adjudicated on June 12, 1893, with liabilities which have proved to be over £29,000. His own estimate of his assets is given as something over £13,000, but the trustee stated some time ago that there was no prospect of a dividend, and that he was £44 out of pocket in the realisation of the assets. No dividend has been paid to the man's creditors, and his discharge was suspended for five years from Feb. 6, 1894, upon the following grounds: (1) That the estate had not realised 10s. in the pound; (2) that the bankrupt contracted debts without a reasonable prospect of being able to pay them; (3) that the bankruptcy was brought on by rash and hazardous speculation; (4) *that the bankrupt had on a previous occasion been adjudicated bankrupt.*

This is the plain, unvarnished tale of Thomas Horsfall Watson, who is chairman of public companies with a united capital of nearly a million of money, and who is now seeking to obtain subscriptions to the Australian Colonies Investments, Limited, of which he is to be a director. Had this man been content to retire into the obscurity for which his past record so eminently fits him, we should have had no word to say about him; but, since he has chosen to solicit public subscriptions to a new venture, it is our duty to tell such investors as we can reach through the medium of these columns, what manner of man it is to whose handling they will be entrusting their money, if they subscribe to the Australian Colonies Investments, Limited.

We spoke unfavourably of all the companies over which the man Watson and his three faithful colleagues preside in our former reference to the subject, but, in justice to Sherlaw's Gold-Mine, it is right we should say that from *two* sources, entirely independent, we have received a first-rate account of the intrinsic merits of the ground, and we append the letter of a correspondent who has lately visited the property—

To the City Editor of *The Sketch*.

DEAR SIR,—In reference to your remarks about Mr. Larchin's companies, I have just returned from Western Australia; while there I was greatly struck by Sherlaw's Gold-Mine—it will be quite the best property about Coolgardie as soon as they get an adequate supply of water.

The reef is eighteen inches in width on the surface, and broadens out to six feet at a 400-foot level. They are now driving for water, and expect to get it soon.

This immense body of ore gives from two to three ounces to the ton, and should pay dividends for years to come as soon as they start working with the excellent machinery which is erected on the mine.

I am sorry to gather from your remarks that such a splendid property is not in better hands, but it will be for the shareholders to take care that these gentlemen give the mine fair play, and that their property should not be made use of for the purposes of any of the precious syndicates emanating from Broad Street Avenue.—Yours faithfully,

\*\*\*\*\*

## INVESTMENTS WITH A LIABILITY.

Every year seems to increase the number of those persons who write to the financial editors of this and other papers asking for "perfectly safe investments to pay them five per cent. on their money." The desire for such a thing as "a perfectly safe investment" is of itself most laudable; but, in passing, we would point out that no security fulfils the condition. Consols are looked upon as being the nearest approach, and yet, with London in possession of an invading army, what price do any of us expect Consols would stand at?

We can only expect to approximate toward "perfect safety" in any of our investments, and it is as well that our correspondents should clearly realise this fundamental truth at the very beginning. For all practical purposes there are a by no means inconsiderable group of companies which yield from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent., and which are likely to continue such a return unless a crisis brought about by war, revolution, or bad management supervenes; but they have this distinct drawback, that, in case of the unforeseen happening, there is a liability which the holder would, in all human probability, be called upon to meet attaching to their possession.

The extent and nature of this liability varies in each case, but it is idle to conceal the fact that the possessor of this kind of security runs a risk, in many cases remote, of losing not only his invested money, but also incurs a considerable liability in addition. The fact of this drawback attaching to any particular security prevents it from proving a fashionable investment, and enables the man who is willing to run the risk (such as it is) to obtain a better return upon his capital than is otherwise available.

People are willing to buy investments such as Coats' ordinary shares to pay them  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., or Linoleum Manufactory to yield 4 per cent., or Thomas Wallis and Co. to return  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., because, among other things, they know that if the company smashes they will lose their money, but there is an end of it. Personally, we consider the return in many industrial concerns is not equal to the risks of trade which the investor runs, but this is a matter of opinion. Most thoughtful persons would, if they reckoned up the chances, consider that there was more probability of fluctuation in trade concerns, than in the business of the National Discount Company or of the Union Bank of London, and yet, from the price of the respective shares, you would hardly believe that such was the case.

For those investors who require anything like 5 per cent., it is, in our opinion, safer to buy many first-class investments with a liability, than to purchase second- or third-rate industrials, South American Provincial or Government Bonds, or even inferior Yankee or Colonial Railway Mortgages, and, for the purpose of assisting such of our readers as take the same view of the matter, we append a list of a few good



securities whose only drawback is that they carry a liability from which the holder cannot escape in case of disaster—

Name.	Yield per Cent.	Present Price.	Utmost Liability.
National Discount ... ..	£5 2 6 ...	10½ ...	£20 0
Lloyds Bank ... ..	4 14 0 ...	27½ ...	42 0
London and Westminster Bank ...	4 8 0 ...	56 ...	80 0
Union Bank of London ... ..	4 10 0 ...	36 ...	84 10
Standard Bank of South Africa ...	5 19 0 ...	67 ...	75 0
Freehold Trust of Australia ... ..	7 10 0 ...	1 ...	9 0
Railway Debenture Trust ... ..	6 3 0 ...	6½ ...	10 0
The Eagle Insurance ... ..	5 0 0 ...	5 ...	45 0
The Legal and General Life Insurance	4 12 0 ...	15½ ...	42 0

A prudent man with his eyes open may safely spread a few thousand pounds over four or five of the above or kindred investments, obtaining, on an average, about 5 per cent. for his money, and sleep with a far easier mind than many a person who tries to obtain anything like the same rate of interest from invested capital, however carefully placed, in securities which carry no liability.

#### J. J. LYONS AND Co., LIMITED.

Several correspondents have asked us the reason of the rise in these shares, and whether we advise purchase. The story going in the Market is that the company has got a very large contract with "The Greatest Show on Earth" to do the catering at Olympia and the other places which Messrs. Barnum and Bailey propose to visit during their English tour. This is all very well, but nobody outside the directorate knows the terms on which the contract has been taken, and whether or not Lyons and Co. are assuming any of the risk involved in bringing over the gigantic affair from Yankeealand. Perhaps the Board will make some public announcement upon the matter.

#### "WEALTH AND WILD CATS."

Under this title our brilliant West Australian correspondent, Mr. Raymond Radclyffe, whose contributions to *The Sketch*, the *Financial Times*, and several important provincial papers, were received with so much favour, is bringing out a little shilling book which is virtually a reprint of his various newspaper articles on the subject of the Western Australian goldfields, embellished by the illustrations, some of which appeared in our columns. Mr. Raymond Radclyffe never wrote a dull line in his life, and we are certain that his book will not only repay perusal by those of our readers who are interested in Western Australia, but by everybody who appreciates smart narrative and brilliant writing.

#### ISSUES.

The Webley and Scott Revolver and Arms Company, Limited.—It is very seldom we are able to recommend without reservation an industrial concern to the notice of our readers, but this company seems one of those chances of profitable investment which come every now and again. The total capital is £335,000, divided into 35,000 pref. shares of £5 each, carrying 5 per cent. cumulative preferential dividend, and the same number of ordinary shares entitled to all the surplus profits. The auditors' certificate, signed by Messrs. Tarquand, Young, and Co., is a satisfactory document, and shows that during the year 1896 the profits exceeded £30,000, and, as the total sum required for the preference dividend is only £8375, it is clear that these shares offer an exceptional opportunity of securing a safe industrial investment, returning a good rate of interest, while the prospects of the ordinary shares are first-rate. The name of Webley is such a household word in the world of arms and ammunition, that we consider the concern ought to rank with other industrial concerns of the very first class, and we unhesitatingly advise our readers to apply for either class of share.

Blaisdell Pencils, Limited.—This company, with a capital of £100,000, is formed to carry on the manufacture and sale of pencils most ingeniously constructed of rolled paper, whereby the trouble of sharpening is avoided. It is Mr. E. T. Hooley's latest baby, and appears to promise fairly well, especially in the case of the 6 per cent. preference shares.

The Porthgarn Harbour, Limited, is issuing 600 Four per Cent. debentures of £50 each at £1 premium. We have carefully read the prospectus, and we fail to see any justification for asking the public to lend money to this enterprise at the rate of interest offered. The issue is so small that there can never be a free market for the security, and the harbour of an unknown Welsh village does not seem an inviting enterprise, especially when, if it turns out a success, the shareholders, not the debenture-holders, will reap the principal profit.

Meters, Limited, is an important amalgamation of gas-meter makers. Two classes of shares are offered, and £150,000 4½ debenture stock. From the auditors' certificate, it appears that the average profits have been £30,705 a-year, but that for the last twelve months this sum has been increased to £38,625. It looks as if the business were progressive and flourishing, and we think that the ordinary shares especially should be worth subscribing for. We should like to know the various items of Mr. Hoyle's valuation before expressing any opinion on the debenture security.

Palmer's Stores, Limited, is issuing capital to the extent of £120,000, of which one-half will be preference and one-half ordinary shares. The idea of Palmer's Stores being capitalised at such a price will probably strike the good people of Hammersmith as real good business for Mr. Palmer. Considering the locality and the class of customers, we cannot understand the amount of the book-debts, which are equal to two-thirds of the stock-in-trade, nor how £10,000 a-year is made with so few solid assets. No working capital is to be provided, and nine years' purchase for the goodwill of such a business is out of all reason. Palmer's Stores, Limited, is a company which may well be left alone.

Saturday, Oct. 16, 1897.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

V. R.—Thank you for the information, which we have amplified in this week's "City Notes."

W. B.—The Hotel company is not dealt in on the London Stock Exchange, and nothing appears to be known of it here. Consult some firm of Birmingham

brokers, such as Messrs. W. and F. Cuthbert, of Colmore Row. We have a poor opinion of the Cycle concern, and should get out, if the investment were our own, at any price.

E. A. R.—Your letter is like one of the puzzles published in *Pearson's Weekly*. What with brackets, tables of assets, underlining, and small writing, we really cannot make out all of it, but you should consult some firm of London solicitors who know all about company business; we do not know why a personal visit should be necessary. If you will comply with the rule about private letters, we will send you the name of a lawyer who fully understands the kind of business you want. The law is clear enough: if you recover more than the liquidator offers, he has to pay the costs; if less, then you have to pay your own, not his.

Loe.—We wrote to you on the 15th inst. The cablegram to which we referred did not, we now hear, come from the representative of Messrs. Bewick and Moreing, but from a private source, for which it is none the worse. We are told Boulder Perseverance are worth looking after.

ESPERANZA.—The Market thinks poorly of the shares mentioned by you as No. 1. We really cannot undertake inquiries in the district where the works are situated. As to No. 2, we think you should watch the market, but there is a boom on in several of the shares of the group with which this concern is connected, and the Market expects all of them to go higher. Of No. 3 we know nothing, and advise you to consult a Liverpool broker or ask your bankers to consult their Liverpool correspondents.

SHARES.—We urge you to have no dealings with these people. They do not appear in the Directory, but have an office on the third floor at the address given, probably taken quite recently.

M. J. G.—We have passed your letter and photo on to the Editor. If you had read the printed directions at the head of this column, you would not have written to the City Editor.

J. W. H.—In our opinion you will be far safer in purchasing the preference shares of C. Arthur Pearson, Limited, *The Lady's Pictorial*, Limited, or Harmsworth Brothers, Limited.

SIMPLEX.—We know nothing of the company you name, and inquiries on the Market fail to produce any satisfactory information. Have nothing to do with it.

R. F. C.—We answered your letter very fully on the 14th inst.

DISAPPOINTED.—You are interested in three of the poorest West Australian concerns. No. 1 belongs to a bad group, from which no good is ever likely to come. No. 2 is worth holding for a rise. No. 3 is at such a rubbishy price that we may say the same. Get quit of the whole lot on any improvement, but, for the moment, we should hold on rather than accept the nominal sums you could obtain for the shares. If a man is going to worry about losing his money in mines, he has no business to speculate in them, for it is always a gamble.

ARIES.—Ferreira is a first-class mine. It consists of 54½ claims on the very richest part of the Rand; each claim may be estimated to yield 30,000 tons of ore. The reserves developed amount to over 330,000 tons, probably enough for two years, the grade being about 17 dwt. It is capitalised, at the present price of shares, at over £1,800,000. Probable life fourteen or fifteen years. We think you would do well to split your money between this mine, Bonanza, and Crown Deep.

EROSIE.—We wrote you on the 16th inst.

WIDOW.—(1) It was started as a swindle, and will never do any good. (2) A poor affair in which we have no confidence. (3) First-rate. (4 and 5) These are not saleable here, we believe, but through your bankers you could deal with the shares in Amsterdam. We cannot advise.

RALPH.—Have nothing to do with the *Investment Register* or Jenkinson and Co., or the shares mentioned in your letter. The very fact that they wanted to pin you with a contract when you never gave an order ought to show you what sort of people they are. Apply for a few Webley shares when it comes out (see this week's "Issues"), and buy ten C. Arthur Pearson 5½ pref. shares. Put all papers sent you gratis into the waste-paper basket unread, and be sure the senders want to rob you somehow. Ben Evans are the best of the shares you mention.

S. J. C.—(1) You might take 2 or 2½ for half these. (2) On the rise, but don't overstay the market; take a fair profit. (3 and 4) You may as well hold, for the price is not worth taking. Sell 5 and 6 on any rise; we are very doubtful of their future. (7) Probably no good, but not worth selling. (8) Hold. (9) We should hold. In mines it is never worth while to sell for a shilling or so, for there is always a chance of striking something good, and in the present state of the Western Australian Market a cablegram from the other side makes any shares jump up five or ten shillings.

This inkstand has been presented to the Chairman and Committee, in recognition of the admirable service rendered by them on behalf of the members, in the protracted negotiations with the Johannesburg Estate



Company, for the future independence of the Stock Exchange. It was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, and supplied through their branch establishment, 8, Von Brandis Square, Johannesburg.

3679 / 2